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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Wonders of Elora; or the Narrative of a Journey to the Temples and Dwelling excavated out of a Mountain of Granite, and extending upwards of a Mile and a Quarter, at Elora in the East Indies, &c. &c. By Capt. J. B. Seely. 8vo. pp. 559. London 1824. Whittakers.*

THAT no separate and detailed description of the extraordinary Cavern-Temples at Elora has been given to the public, would be matter of astonishment were they situated in any other quarter of the earth except India. But though the antiquities of that country are as likely to throw light upon the early history of mankind as those of even Egypt and Persia, the same fatality which has divested its modern vicissitudes of interest, seems to have marked its ancient records as unworthy of investigation. Of late, however, a better spirit has sprung up, and Britain has begun to attach that consequence to India which its measureless importance claims. We are therefore well pleased to see the present volumes for, though written in a rambling sort of fashion, as a straight-forward soldier might be expected to express himself, it contains many curious facts, and supplies a more circumstantial account of Elora than any which we have met with in the Eastern philosophical publications.

Elora is situated about 260 miles from Bombay, 650 from Madras, and above 1000 from Calcutta. Captain Seely travelled to it from the first-mentioned presidency; and his route, including Poona, Ahmed-nuggur, Taka, Aurangabad, and Dowintabad, is not the least agreeable portion of his volume. Indeed it is that from which we must chiefly take our illustrative selections; for the details respecting the Caverns are so interwoven with plans and plates, that we find it impossible to convey any idea of them to our readers by literary extracts.

The author possessed one essential quality, that of enthusiasm in his pursuit:

"I may err in my judgment (he says,) but it is my humble opinion, that no monuments of antiquity in the known world are comparable to the Caves of Elora, whether we consider their unknown origin, their stupendous size, the beauty of their architectural ornaments, or the vast number of statues and emblems, all hewn and fashioned out of the solid rock! In publishing this work, therefore, so far from imposing upon the public, I hope and trust that I am rendering a service to the antiquary, and contributing to the amusement and instruction of the general reader."

Agreeing with him, let us pass on to copy one or two short passages which may serve to display his manner of treating the principal subject.

"Bruce's emotions were not more vivid or tumultuous on first beholding the springs of the Nile, than mine were on reaching the temples of Elora. I at once rushed into the wonders and glories of these immortal works; but

it is totally impossible to describe the feelings of admiration and awe excited on the mind upon first beholding these stupendous excavations.

"On a close approach to the temples, the eye and imagination are bewildered with the variety of interesting objects that present themselves on every side. The feelings are interested to a degree of awe, wonder, and delight, that at first is painful, and it is a long time before they become sufficiently sobered and calm to contemplate with any attention the surrounding wonders. The death-like stillness of the place, the solitude of the adjoining plains, the romantic beauty of the country, and the mountain itself, perforated in every part, all tend to impress the mind of the stranger with feelings quite new, and far different from those felt in viewing magnificent edifices amidst the busy haunts of man. Every thing here invites the mind to contemplation, and every surrounding object reminds it of a remote period, and a mighty people, who were in a state of high civilization, whilst the natives of our own land were barbarians, living in woods and wilds.

"How many ideas rush into the mind of an inquisitive and thoughtful man at the moment I am now describing! How much delightful narrative might a more able pen than mine give utterance to on the occasion! I will, however (though lacking the glowing descriptive power of some of our modern writers) put the first view in plain language, to the reader's imagination.

"Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all round, nearly 250 feet deep, and 150 feet broad: this unvalled fane rearing its rocky head, to a height of nearly 100 feet—its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad—having well-formed door-ways, windows, staircases to its upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars: the whole bulk of this immense block of isolated excavation being upwards of 500 feet in circumference, and extraordinary as it may appear, having beyond its areas three handsome figure-galleries, or virandas, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn out of the boundary scarp, containing 42 curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology—the whole three galleries in continuity, enclosing the areas, and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average, about 15 feet 2 inches broad all round, and in height 14 feet and a half; while, positively, above these again are excavated five large rooms. Within the court, and opposite these galleries, or virandas, stands Keylas the Proud, wonderfully towering in hoary majesty—a mighty fabric of rock, surpassed by no relic of antiquity in the known world.

"This brief outline will impart to the reader some idea of the Wonders of Elora! and if these temples do not excite in the mind emotions of astonishment and delight, I have quite misunderstood my own feelings. To build the Pantheon, the Parthenon at Athens, St. Peter's at Rome, our own St. Paul's or a Fontbill Abbey, is a task of science and labour; but we understand how it is done, how it proceeds, and how it is finished: but to conceive for a moment a body of men, however numerous, with a spirit however invincible, and resources however great, attack a solid mountain of rock, in most parts 100 feet high, and excavating, by the slow process of the chisel, a temple like the one I have faintly described, with its galleries, or Pantheon—its vast area, and indescribable mass of sculpture and carving in endless profusion—the work appears beyond belief, and the mind is bewildered in amazement.

"I think the caverned temples of Elora far surpass, in labour, design, &c. any of the ancient buildings that have impressed our minds with admiration; nor do I think they yield the palm of superiority to any thing we are told of in Egypt. - - -

"Nothing can be more romantic and interesting than the view down the great hall, or into the large rooms, excavated in the northern and southern sides of the mountain facing you; or, if you wish to quit this gloomy grandeur, only cross the bridges through the small rooms, to the balcony over the gateway, and there is the open country, with beautiful nature robed in all the luxuriance and richness of oriental verdure.

"At the time these astonishing works were begun, the country, far and wide, must have enjoyed a profound peace; its resources too must have been great to have permitted such vast undertakings; and the people happy and contented who could, for purposes of religion, labour unremittingly for a series of years, in the completion of these temples. It is, indeed, not unreasonable to conclude they had their origin before the followers of Mahomet ravaged and disturbed the tranquillity of India, then inhabited by a race purely Hindoo; long, probably, antecedent to the invasion by Alexander or Seleucus. - - -

"Believe me, I shall be as brief in my recollections of these deities or heroes, as is consistent with illustrating our work; for much precious time have I, in the zeal and enthusiasm of my youth, wasted on Hindoo mythology, and legendary lore, and at last rose up as satisfied, and about as much instructed in the early period of Hindoo history, as at my commencement. Truly, with the greatest application on the spot, and with native assistants, it is an endless and unprofitable task: I literally, from intense study, assuming the dress of a native, living on a vegetable diet, with pure water for my beverage, was almost mythologically mad, for upwards of a year; so that I have a feeling regard, from my own experience, in not afflicting my reader with any lengthened accounts of

those once mighty personages, who will shortly pass in review before us, rank and file. Were I simply to state that there are figures, emblems, &c. without slightly alluding to their history, attributes, or powers, my narrative would be deemed vague, and myself exceedingly negligent. Did I, on the other hand, make a parade of what I have acquired on the subject, a large book would be the result. "A great book is a great evil." I have no ambition of that kind, nor wish unnecessarily to increase my pages. This prefatory observation will suffice throughout.

"The principal figures, in point of rank, in the great hall, are easily recognized. Lakshmi, (the wife of Vishnu, a god of the Hindoo triad;) she presides over marriages and prosperity. My Brahman called the next figure represented Raj Janekas, a famous hero of old, who had the good fortune to be succoured by the goddess Sita, when an infant, being found in a box in a field. Another is the figure of Gutturdass; but some of the Brahmans, who were present at the time, called him Raj Booj.—These are larger than life, and are well executed. The two warlike brothers, Pundoo and Courroo, are displayed here; their feats are fully described in the holy war in the Mahabharat (or Mahabarat,) and fully detailed in the epic poem of that name. As their deeds of prowess are truly miraculous, and as the five brothers will more than once appear in exploring the temples here, I shall offer no apology for at once introducing them to notice, more especially as the Hindoos, high and low, learned and unlearned, of ancient and modern times, attribute the whole of the temples, both here and at Karli, to the labours of the Pandooos—that they were constructed by them by means of the heavenly influence and the supernatural powers they possessed.

*Fabulous History of Elora, or Yeroola.*

"Dhritarass, a blind and holy man, much favoured by Brahma, had a son called Courroo, and a brother named Pundoo, or Pandoo: it was so ordered, that the uncle and nephew were to govern the world; but it happened they could not settle about their respective sovereignties. They were ordered, by a vision, to settle the dispute by playing a certain game of hazard, and Pandoo, the uncle of Courroo, lost it. To hide his misfortune, and to obliterate from his mind all ideas of his former power and greatness, he vowed to retreat from the face of mankind, accompanied by his wife Contée. After travelling a great distance they came to this part of India; the retirement of the place was congenial to their heavy sorrows, and here they fixed themselves. In the course of a few years they begat five sons; these were Yudishteer, Bheem or Bhima, Urjoon or Urzuna, Nacool, and Seyhuder. From a pious motive, and to please the god Crishna, they commenced excavating caverns for religious purposes; and, that the undertaking might appear miraculous and wonderful to mankind, they entreated the god for a night that might last one year, which request was granted. Bheem, the second son, was the principal assistant, he being amazingly strong, and eating the enormous quantity of one candy and a half of meat during the day (900lb.). When the five brothers had finished their excavations, day broke forth; the brothers were then despatched to propagate the wonder; and millions of people flocked from the farthest parts to behold the wonders of the Pandoo family or the Pandooos.

removed from this world to a better, for his piety; the sanctity of the brothers, and their supposed influence with the Deity, brought over boundless countries and dominion to their sway: in a short period of time they had seven millions of warriors and fighting men, while others were daily flocking to their standard. They then determined to wage war against their relation Courroo, who, from the length, mildness, and virtues of his reign, was universally beloved by his subjects. Even those that had deserted, and had gone over to the five brothers, from a mistaken notion of their being deified heroes, by the great wonders of the cavern being produced in one night, seceded, and joined Courroo, who called together his faithful followers, and found that his fighting men exceeded eleven millions, eager to repel aggression; but the event of the conflict was disastrous to Courroo, for the brothers had found favour with Crishna (Vishnu), as they had performed great and holy works. So much were they favoured, that Crishna stood before Urzoon while he mounted his charger, and bade him not fear the hosts of Courroo. Thus were the caves of Elora excavated:—Visvacarma being the architect employed by the Pandooos.

"I do not recollect ever having read any prose version of the foregoing fable; had I, it would not have been inserted here. My only reason in so doing is, that the foregoing fable, concerning the divine origin of the caves, is implicitly believed by the Brahmans."

We lament to see it noticed that the course of waters and time is destroying these remarkable monuments; but we trust, as they are now on British territory, that means will be taken for their preservation.

[Conclusion in our next.]

*A Tour through parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the year 1821-22, &c. By Charles Tennant, Esq. 8vo. 2 vols. London 1824. Longman & Co.*

We have read too many tours through the parts indicated in this title-page, to say that we took up these volumes with any violent expectation of being much amused or edified by their contents. But we have laid them down with a far more favourable impression. It is true that novelty is hopeless from travels in Flanders or on the Rhine; but Mr. Tennant has gone over the well-known ground in an extremely agreeable manner. He appears to have enjoyed travelling with a genuine relish; and this makes his readers join in the enjoyment, and wish that they, too, might visit the places he has so well described. And after all, this is the great secret of writing so as to please. Our own sensations, if vivid, are communicated to our narrative; and it is sure to possess a certain degree of attraction, far beyond the cold, worked-up relations of those who are not so much in earnest about what they see and hear, as about the method in which they shall vamp up faded recollections in the form of a printed book.

The first of these volumes is occupied with the author's excursions in the Netherlands, Holland and Germany; and though we could traverse every step of the way almost blindfold, yet he has again traced it with so much ardour, that we are tempted to praise as we certainly cannot help liking his effort. Half a dozen of miscellaneous extracts will explain

our reasons. At Utrecht our author slept (the worse his chance) in a double-bedded room, where fatigue soon plunged him into profound repose, and he goes on to state—

"How long I enjoyed my refreshing slumber I can only guess; for about day-break I was awakened by tremendous vociferations in the Dutch language, and which seemed to issue from so near a quarter, that I started up in bed under the sudden impression of impending danger; but all was now silent. I remained, however, in my sitting posture, and before I had recovered from my first amazement, the same fearful and unintelligible sounds were repeated. I now discovered that these issued from the neighbouring pallet, occupied by my fellow-traveller, and the whole mystery being at once explained, I laid myself down, and all recollections were again soon lost in sleep, which, with the exception of occasional interruptions, owing to my friend's discursive fancy and stentorian lungs, continued until broad day. The cause of this uproar is probably already anticipated; and my fellow-traveller is discovered to be one of that race called Somnambulists."

"In the course of our progress along the road during the night, my companion had prudently favoured me with the following pleasing information, together with many interesting particulars, which I need not here enumerate. He informed me that he was one of that class of Somnambulists which, for the purpose of distinction from the harmless and sentimental sleep-walkers, may be termed 'the Franticks.'

"As far as a short acquaintance enables me to speak, this is an agreeable and intelligent gentleman, in whom mildness is apparently, when awake, a predominant trait of character. When asleep, however, he describes himself as an infuriate being; and the specimen of to-night induced me to give full credit to his claim to this title at such times. He had, it seems, already twice nearly destroyed his wife during these sleeping paroxysms. On one of these occasions, he describes that he fancied a tiger in the act of tearing his wife to pieces, and that to rescue her he seized the ferocious animal by the throat, in the hope of effecting its destruction by strangulation; but unfortunately he mistook his wife for the tiger, and had it not been for timely assistance, brought by the noise of this fearful contest, the work of destruction would probably have been effected before the mistake had been discovered. As it was, he related that he, as well as his wife, were a long time in recovering, the one from the severe shock on coming to his senses, and the other from the bruises she received. His little child, who slept in the same room with them, on another occasion, had a similar and equally narrow escape. He, however, now contrives at home to have assistance near at hand; and he gave me the comfortable assurance that whenever he sleeps away from home, he always takes the precaution of securing himself strongly to his bed. The knowledge that this precaution had been taken, accounts for my composure on the present occasion."

Thus we find that travelling, like misery, brings one acquainted with strange bed-fellows. But we will match the man with the description of a place; near Amsterdam, —the little village of Brock,

"So remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, as probably to be unique throughout the world."





"The name, according to my companion, well skilled in the Dutch language, seems to be a corruption from Broekachtig, a Dutch word, signifying marécageux, or marshy, probably descriptive of the original appearance of the spot on which this whimsical settlement stands.

"Remarkable as are the Dutch for the cleanliness of their dwellings, this village, even amongst themselves, is considered as a curiosity, and, in fact, it is nothing short of the burlesque.

"On our arrival we put up our carriage at the little inn, and, after a slight refreshment, we set out to take our view.

"At the entrance into the village is posted up the ancient *lex scripta*, requiring that every rider, on passing through, should dismount and lead the animal by its nose; and that no person should smoke in any part of the village without a guard over the ball of the pipe, in order to prevent the ashes from falling out, on pain of forfeiture of the pipe in question.

"Such is the purport of the public notice at the entrance into this little miniature town, but, being written in the Dutch language, I was indebted to my companion for the translation. These and many other similar regulations are, as I was informed, still scrupulously observed by the inhabitants. Not a cat or a dog is to be seen loose in the village; and certainly, during my visit here, I did not see one tobacco-pipe without the required guard, and I may almost venture to say, that I saw as many tobacco-pipes as male inhabitants.

"With respect to the situation of this village, it is built partly round the banks of a small circular lake; but these are the residences of the wealthier inhabitants, and are ornamented in the highest Dutch fashion, with plenty of green, white, and yellow paint, the favourite colours in the exterior of all Dutch houses. The whole appearance of these buildings bespeaks the most minute attention to neatness; the windows are of unsullied brightness; every thing has a shining air of freshness; and the stranger looks in vain for a grain of dirt, or a particle of dust, for these are scarcely to be found upon the ground.

"The houses which form the town are small, low, and detached buildings, in perfect Dutch style; and the streets, (if streets they can be called, for the houses are generally built on one side of the road only,) running in serpentine lines, and being paved in mosaic work, with various-coloured bricks, small round pebbles, or pounded shells, the whole effect is the most exquisitely neat that can be imagined.

"Along one side of most of these little streets runs a small stream, in a channel neatly lined with brick on both sides, and supplied with clear water from the lake. The numerous little bridges consequently required afford plenty of opportunities to these natty people for exhibiting their taste in fanciful devices, and in the intermixture of bright colours.

"There is also a little spot of a few yards square, which I suppose may be called the public garden, and where the inhabitants of this little colony have exercised their taste and ingenuity over nature, by turning every small tree and shrub into some green monster of earth, air, or water.

"Observing that the shutters to the front windows of most of the better sort of houses

were generally closed, I endeavoured to ascertain the cause; but I could learn no other reason, than that it was a practice in general use, for the purpose of excluding dust and dirt. These shutters, however, although in the open air, are kept in a high state of polish, and I observed, in some cases, are richly ornamented. On gay occasions they are thrown open.

"But there is another custom here, which, for its singularity, deserves particular notice. Almost every house in the village has two entrance doors; one is the common and usual entrance, the other is opened only on two occasions: one to let in the bride and bridegroom after the celebration of the marriage ceremony, the other to let them out on their way to their last home; a somewhat unsentimental idea for the bride, on crossing for the first time the threshold of her new residence, but quite characteristic of this phlegmatic people. This door, opening to mark the two most important incidents to which human life is subject, is generally of a black colour, suitable to the solemnity of the purpose, and from the glossy brightness which it presents, is no doubt an object of the housewife's daily and peculiar care. This door is also carved with ornamental designs, apparently according to the wealth or consequence of the owner, but it is placed high from the ground, without any step, and without either of those usual appendages of handle or knocker."

On leaving, not only Brock, but Holland, Mr. Tennant offers the following general remark on the female beauty of the land of

Bâsteaux, batards, bêtail,  
Canaux, canards, canaille!

"My apprehensions had lately been duly increasing, lest I should quit Holland without being able to say that I had met with one instance of what I could call native female beauty. This evening, however, I was relieved from all further apprehension on the subject, by sitting near a young lady, apparently about twenty years of age, of beauty dazzling and dangerous to the eye of man. The bright black hair, the sparkling eye, the fair yet expressive features of this lovely figure—but no more. Like a delusive phantom, which sometimes flits before the imagination and then is lost for ever, so this fair creature came and past away, and like the phantom let her be forgotten. My curiosity, however, led me to enquire the name of this young lady, and I learnt thus much, that she is the daughter of a general officer in the Dutch service."

In Germany he is more fortunate, and almost waltzes with a pretty peasant on passing the frontiers; but he leaves her for the Rhine, and the Rhine is connected with many legends, of which he has favoured us with translations. Some of them are rather familiar, to be sure, but upon due consideration we do not think we can do better than conclude our present paper with a version of one of the least known.

"The Grotto of St. Odille (near Fribourg, in the Black Forest.) Odille was the daughter of Atlich, Duke of Alsace. She had been brought up in the convent of Mayenfield, and in her own mind had long resolved to devote herself to a holy life, and to take the veil.

"One day she left the convent to visit her father's court, and all the youthful knights were deeply stricken with her beauty.

"Soon the young and beautiful recluse was surrounded by lovers, and amongst the number was a German Prince, whose suit the Duke approving of, his daughter was ordered to approve of also. But Odille, considering herself as already devoted to a religious life, viewed the proposal with horror, and knowing that her father's will was to her a mandate, she divested herself of her rich garments, and taking the habit of a wandering beggar, she reached the Rhine, and passed safely in a little boat to the opposite side.

"Her flight was soon discovered by the Duke, who sent pursuers after her in all directions. He himself mounted his swiftest steed, and by accident took the road which Odille had just passed. The boatman described her so accurately, that the Duke felt no doubt he was close upon his daughter's steps, and with increased eagerness he now pressed on.

"Odille had already ascended half way up one of the high mountains of the forest, looking down upon the Rhine, when worn out with fatigues to which she had been little used, she seated herself upon a rock, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, joined her hands in prayer. But presently, startled by a distant sound of horses' feet, she looked around, and beheld an approaching troop of horsemen drest in her father's colours.

"She hastily arose to save herself by rapid flight. Fear at first acted like wings upon her nimble feet, but soon her weak and gentle nature yielded, and she fell exhausted upon a rock.

"The horsemen advancing with a rapid pace were now near upon the spot, when Odille, trembling, lifted up her hands to implore deliverance from heaven. Suddenly the rock opened! Odille entered, and instantly the rock closed!

"Presently she heard the sound of horses' feet above her, and her father's voice calling her by name.

"My father," answered Odille, and Atlich gazed around in mute surprise. "Odille," cried he again, and he was seized with terror on hearing a second time the voice of his daughter issuing as if from the rock beneath him. "You persecute him who protects me," replied Odille, and she then related what had passed. Atlich now recognized the will of a superior power, and swore to respect his daughter's vow, and to build for her a convent. Upon this the rock opened, and Odille came forth, arrayed in a garment of celestial light. She fell into her father's arms, and besought his blessing and forgiveness.

"The rock has remained opened from that day, and in the grotto which had hidden Odille rises a medicinal spring, possessing many virtues.

"Numerous pilgrims and invalids make visits to this sainted spot, and Saint Odille and her holy life, though not recorded in the page of history, is carefully handed down by every family within her presiding district."

*The Periodical Press of Great Britain and Ireland; or, an Inquiry into the State of the Public Journals.* 12mo. pp. 219. London 1824. Hurst & Co.

A WRITER could hardly hit upon a more popular subject than the Periodical Press affords; and the present little volume seems to treat it impartially. We do not mean to say that we can agree in all the views taken, or

acquiesce in all the conclusions drawn; but the author seems to us not to be unduly prejudiced in favour of one party or another, and to state the various points which have occurred to him fairly and consistently with his own opinions. He also appears to be intimate with the interior details of the printing office, the mode of preparing newspapers, and other matters with which the general public has a very slight acquaintance. His book is consequently well worth notice; and since he has started the theme without exhausting it, we dare say that his Essay will lead to other and more particular developments.

There is one question, upon the value of a free press, upon which we confess we are surprised at the reasoning of the author. He considers that powerful engine as the friend to revolution. Now, surely it would not only be far more just, but infinitely better for the argument in favour of the freedom of the press, to look upon it not as the promoter, but as the preventer of revolutions. The history of the world shows hundreds of the most violent and bloody revolutions in nations, produced without the intervention of the press; and on the other hand, almost the only examples of those mild, gradual, and salutary changes which have been effected for the good of mankind, have been the results of that potent instrument. Factions may overturn states, or military rebellions desolate them with anarchy; but it is the proudest boast of the Influence which by diffusing knowledge obtains nearly imperceptible amelioration for the human race, that it is calculated (though often abused) to improve the condition of subjects, and remedy the defects of governments, without the struggles and convulsions inseparable from ignorance and delusion.

But it is not our intention to go into any of the wide field for doubt, for speculation, for contradiction, and for approval, which this volume opens to us: we shall rather follow our recognised plan, of exhibiting the author, in preference to maintaining our own opinions.

"The Newspaper Press of London (he justly says,) is unrivalled by any similar establishment in the world. In point of literary talent and mechanical execution, it is an honour to the British empire. The Press of the United States of America will bear no comparison with it; and the Parisian one, so far from equalling that of London, is not, by many degrees, equal to the provincial Press of Ireland."

\* The first newspaper that appeared in the present single-sheet form in England, was called "The Public Intelligencer," and was published by Sir Roger L'Estrange on the 31st August, 1661. But there were, long prior to this period, publications that suited the same purpose, though printed in a different shape. As far back as the reign of Elizabeth, in 1584, was published "The English Mercurie," in the shape of a pamphlet, the first number of which is still preserved in the British Museum. These sort of pamphlets became fashionable in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, but they became more rare in the reign of James I. During the interesting war of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, they were once more revived; for in 1632 we find "The Newses of the Present Week," by Nathaniel Butler; "The Mercurius Britannicus," in 1639; "The German Intelligencer," in 1639; and "The Swedish Intelligencer," in 1631, which was compiled by the learned William Watts of Caius College. These periodicals were all severally produced to gratify the interest which was excited by the fortunes of the intrepid Gustavus.

"The English rebellion of 1641 gave rise to many more of these tracts, which, during the time of the long Parliament, were principally filled with violent appeals to the people, suited to the violence and the hypocrisy of the period, and intended to justify the proceedings of the legislature towards their constituents, the soldiery and the multitude. Many of these tracts bore the title of "Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament." These, how-

In London there are from fifty to sixty different newspapers. The number varies, as many start into existence, and run perhaps the career of but a few weeks; but some of them have been established for upwards of a century, others from forty to fifty years, although the greater proportion have come into being since the period of the French Revolution. Much of the prosperity and greatness of England is to be dated from that era. Commercial enterprise received an impetus from the war, unexampled in the history of any nation. Manufactures, especially cotton manufactures, only in their infancy at the commencement of the Revolution, reached almost a state of perfection during the continental devastations that followed. Newspapers increased with the national prosperity and independence. Each passing event daily became more interesting, and the desire to obtain early intelligence became the stronger. This is demonstrable from the following table of the number of Newspapers published within the United Kingdom at three distinct periods, the earliest only forty-two years ago.

	1782.	1790.	1821.
Newspapers published in England	50	60	135
Scotland	8	27	31
Ireland	3	27	56
daily in London	9	14	16
twice a week ditto	9	7	8
weekly ditto	0	11	32
British Islands	0	0	6
	79	146	284

"By this it appears that the total number of political journals in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the British Islands, has augmented three times in the short space of about forty years. The difference is not so great with respect to the English metropolis; for although in 1782 there were only eighteen papers published, nine of these were daily ones, and the remaining nine twice-a-week ones, producing in all seventy-two weekly ones; whereas in 1821, the increase in daily newspapers was from nine to sixteen, the decrease in twice-a-week from nine to eight, and the increase of weekly, of which none appear to have been published in 1782, was thirty-two: the difference, therefore, in the proportion of weekly newspapers between these periods, being only what seventy-two is to one hundred and forty-four, or exactly one half. This, to be sure, is not a fair criterion of their increase, as the number of copies sold in the last period must have doubled the number sold in the first period. It shows, however, the state of the market, and the circumstances, so far as public feeling was involved, under which the proprietors of these journals thought such speculations prudent. There are still thirteen daily papers published in London; seven thrice a-week, nine twice a-week, (six of which, however, can only be said to be second editions of the same papers,) and twenty-three weekly. It appears that these journals circulated in 1821, 16,254,534 copies;

ever were entirely superseded by the establishment of "The Public Intelligencer," in 1661. In 1665 "The London Gazette" commenced: it was first published at Oxford, and called "The Oxford Gazette." "The Orange Intelligencer" was the third newspaper, and the first after the Revolution in 1688. In 1698 there appear to have been nine London papers published weekly, although the last-mentioned seems to have been the only daily one. In Queen Anne's reign, in 1709, their number was increased to eighteen, but still there was but one daily paper, "The London Courant." In the reign of George I. the number was augmented to three daily, six weekly, and ten three times a week. In the reign of George II. the number of copies of newspapers published in the whole of England was as follows:—

In 1753 — 7,411,757.  
— 1790 — 9,464,790;

for the stamp-duty upon which, there was paid to the Stamp Office the sum of 270,908*l.* 18*s.* sterling!

"It is not the least extraordinary feature of this literary phalanx, that, on a fair calculation of the number of copies sold in town and country, two-thirds of its vast strength are directed against the opinions of the leading official men under the Crown, and the general measures of his Majesty's Ministers."

In another place, after explaining the method in which the Parliamentary reports are given by a set of literary gentlemen attached to each morning newspaper, and earnestly recommending further accommodation to them in taking their notes, the author says—

"And yet it is in this small, dark, mat-covered, and inconvenient corner, called the Gallery of the British House of Commons, where the caterers of the newspaper Press steal the speeches of our modern Ciceros. The mode in which this is accomplished is as follows:—The backmost seat in the gallery is occupied by these persons, about ten or twelve of them in all. The desks they employ are of nature's workmanship—the palms of their hands, or the superior ligaments of their knee-joints. They more frequently use the pencil than pen and ink, although some of them use the latter; and the usual mode of writing is more common than stenography. During the debate each reporter generally sits his hour; when he retires to extend his hasty notes for the printer, his place being instantly filled by his successor in waiting. By this process, the longest debate in Parliament is often published before the expiration of four hours from the adjournment of the House. While the honourable Members are asleep, dreaming of motions lost and won, the morning politicians of London are reading and discussing their last night's, or perhaps the same morning's effusions: for the newspapers almost regularly give at six o'clock what was delivered, and cheered, and coughed upon, at four in the morning.

"These reports must necessarily be imperfect. The sense is no doubt generally given; but frequently the whole force of the argument and much of the eloquence are lost. This arises partly from the situation of the reporter, from the lowliness of the voice, and the peculiar manner of expression of some Members, and from the changing of the tenses. It is a part of the evasion to speak in the third person singular, instead of the first. Consequently, the force and the antithesis, and the originality of the speech, are lost. From these cramping circumstances an apparent sameness of expression pervades the whole. For the same reason that a brilliant oration is spoiled, a dull one is improved. But this is not all—as the rights of the reporter are arbitrary, his prepossessions are the stronger. He, like the pit critic of a theatre, has his friends and his favourites. He even affects to be unable to bear one speaker—of being unable to comprehend another—and of being (heaven help him!) so sickened as to be unable to listen to a third. These unfortunate objects of dislike to so mighty a personage as a reporter, never shine in above a dozen or twenty lines on the greatest occasion. On the other hand, the partiality is as strong in favour of other honourable Members; so much so, that on the morrow, the favourite speaker is quite overwhelmed with obligation at finding himself dressed out in words, and tropes, and ingenious arguments, which he never used, nor could have used. Time after



time he is polished whether he will or no; and to the reading public, at a hundred miles from the capital, he is ranked a meteor, who perhaps only twinkles a dull star of the lowest magnitude."

These extracts will, we trust, be deemed sufficient for this clever and intelligent work. The observations on the periodical Press in Scotland, where there is hardly a journal favourable to Government, particularly deserve attention. But indeed there is so much to merit regard in the whole, (though in so small a compass,) that we may fitly refer our readers to the author.

*Trials, a Tale.* By the Author of "The Favourite of Nature," &c. 3 vols. London 1824. G. & W. B. Whittaker.

WITH rather too great a tendency to that party in religion entitled (whether justly or unjustly we are not now going to discuss) Saints, these volumes display much discrimination of character, and much that renders a Novel both amusing and instructive. *Trials* may be divided into two separate tales; for, though blended into one, each distinctly comprises the history of a young female placed in the most trying circumstances. Catherine St. Aubyn's is particularly well told: gifted with fine talents, united as usual with strong feelings, and both alike undisciplined; her talents, from their satirical turn, make her feared rather than admired; and her warm and affectionate feelings turn but to her own misery, from their too passionate indulgence. Her married life is made miserable by unfounded jealousy; her ungoverned temper occasions a breach between her husband and herself, at the very moment when his duty as a soldier calls him to the Continent; he falls in his first battle, and leaves Catherine a prey to unavailing remorse. Augusta Belmont, the object of her fears, is a finished portrait of the heartless coquette, trifling with the happiness she is incapable of appreciating, in the cold spirit of sheer malignity. The next heroine that appears on the scene is a young wife, whose prudence and rectitude of principle are vainly opposed to her husband's instability and extravagance. Both go through trials enough, but we really think Catherine's the most severe: there are no miseries like those we make for ourselves. We shall extract the scene where Matilda visits her husband in prison:

"As they went along, her conductor informed her that Mr. Harcourt, being but just come in, was not yet accommodated with a room, but was now in the apartment of a person whom he named; 'and it was rather disagreeable for him, poor gentleman,' he said, 'particularly as he seemed but ill and lowish in spirits, that the person, in whose lodgings he was placed, had the day before lost one of his children, and it made the room dull-like.'

"Let us hasten on," said Matilda, feeling every moment lost that was not employed in soothing or supporting her husband; 'hasten on, I beg of you.'

"The man did so, and Matilda again followed him to the very top of the building, where he left her at a door which was opened to her, not by Charles, but by a man, who, at the sight of her, bowed, and, turning his head, he beckoned to a young woman who was sitting at work, as summoning her to retire with him, which she did; and Matilda, advancing a few steps, found herself in the presence of her husband. He was leaning

his head upon his arms, which were crossed before him on the table; and from the total insensibility he evinced as to her entrance, or the departure of the man and his wife, she could only suppose him to be asleep, and, on coming nearer to him, she perceived it was the case.

"She did not immediately awaken him; for, almost stupified with the strange variety of objects that surrounded her, she stood to gaze till her spirits were a little composed, and she could speak to him calmly. She looked round the cell which was now the habitation of a man whom she had seen surrounded with all the elegance, all the luxurious comforts that distinguish the dwellings of wealth! Squalid poverty sat in every nook and corner. A bed with tattered hangings, two or three broken, worm-eaten chairs, a miserable grate containing a handful of fuel, a kettle and saucepan on each side of it, and upon a table that stood by the side of a cradle which contained a living infant, was placed the coffin of a dead one.

"Shuddering at the horrors which surrounded her, Matilda felt as if she dared not any longer remain, as it were the only living, breathing thing amongst them. She wished to hear the sound of a voice, and she could not refrain from awakening Charles, but hastening towards him, she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and bending down her head, 'I am here, my dear Charles,' she said, 'speak to me.'

"He raised his head, and perceiving who it was that stood over him thus pitying and tenderly, he dropt it again upon his burning hands, just uttering her name, but nothing more.

"She thought that overpowering shame kept him silent, and restrained him from the power of looking her in the face.

"My dear Charles! and in the kindest accents she spoke.

"He pressed her hand with fervour, but still said nothing. It was after the pause of a minute or two that he spoke.

"Why should we be sorrowful," said he, 'Matilda?—that will do no good. No, let us be cheerful, and he attempted a laugh, which pierced her very heart.

"She intreated him to be rational.

"Rational," he replied; 'well, nothing is more rational than to bear misfortunes cheerfully.'

"Why, Matilda, you look frightened!" he continued, observing the pale gaze of terror with which her countenance was fixed upon him, as if she doubted whether his senses were not affected by his misfortunes.

"Oh, let us go—let us leave this terrible place!" she faintly articulated, casting, as she spoke, a fearful glance upon the dead infant.

"It is a horrid sight!" he replied,—"horrid. But to this I have brought you, Matilda—you, who deserved a palace for your dwelling place; but let us go—yes, we will go—I have ordered another room,"—and he attempted to rise—but in vain, he sunk down again in his chair.

"Why, what ails me, I wonder?" he exclaimed; 'this is really very—very ridiculous! isn't it, Matilda?'

"Pray sit still, Charles," said Matilda, trembling with dread: for she knew not whether to believe him under the influence of delirium or wine; so strange and unaccountable appeared his behaviour.

"Well, I am still," he replied, falling back in his chair, as from excessive weak-

ness; 'what would you more?—I am all obedience.'

"Oh, Charles, how cruel is this conduct!"—and she burst into a flood of tears.

"Matilda," and his voice assumed a softer tone, 'Matilda, don't take offence at me. I feel so very ill—and I am truly unhappy in my heart—whatever I may seem.'

"Are you ill, Charles?"—and she looked upon his wan and haggard cheek. 'Ah, indeed I see you are; how long have you been suffering?'

"I don't know"—he replied, 'at least—but I believe my head wanders a little!' and he pressed his hand to his forehead.

"My dearest Charles!"—exclaimed Matilda, and in a paroxysm of alarm she clasped his hand to her heart; 'don't—don't!'—she would have said something of comfort, if she could have uttered it, but she could not; she could only raise his drooping head, and press it to her bosom, and seal her lips in token of pity upon his fevered cheek, while she sobbed with anguish.

"A long suppressed tempest of emotion at length broke forth from the heart of Charles in such a burst of grief as Matilda could scarcely have believed he would indulge; but his weakened nerves betrayed their feebleness in a torrent of tears, which it shocked her to behold. Women weep, for tears seem to be their portion; but in seeing a man subdued by grief, we appear for the first time fully to understand how acute are the sorrows of human nature.

"Though so deeply injured by his misconduct—though reduced by it to a situation of the most humiliating description, never had Matilda felt so strongly attached to her husband as at this moment."

Interspersed in the work are many reflections and remarks, displaying so much knowledge of the heart and truth of observation, that we are tempted to extract two or three, as most favourable specimens of the author's style:

"Next to having a lover herself, there is scarcely a moment in the life of a very young girl more fraught with interest than that in which she is informed that her intimate companion has obtained one. She hails it as a sure prelude that her own triumph in the same way is not far off, and her congratulations are generally given with a joy which sufficiently attests their sincerity. . . . No one can patiently endure to be hated, and submit to indications of contempt, without practising some species of resentment in return; and if this sort of silent but inveterate hostility happens to be maintained between an irritable and an apathetic temper, it is quite incredible the advantage which the latter obtains, and the indescribable torture which, from its very calmness, it has the power to inflict upon the other. . . . The love of society is occasioned in great measure by the love of ridicule; we commit so many follies, that we are glad to look amongst our fellow-creatures for something still more absurd, to keep us in good humour with ourselves."

We cannot close the book without repeating the eulogium of its being useful and agreeable.

*Costume of Shakespeare's Historical Play of King Henry IV. Selected, &c. from the best Authorities, for Covent Garden Theatre, with Explanatory Notices.* By J. R. Planché. London 1824.

When Mr. Planché published his *Costume for King John*, we shortly explained that it

was the commencement of a very commendable attempt to reform and rectify the style of dressing our dramatic characters; to obliterate the grossest of the anomalies in that respect which still obtained possession of the Stage, and introduce, if not a perfect style, at least one approaching as nearly as circumstances allow to propriety and verisimilitude. The present little volume is the second of the series, and represents by twenty-one figures engraved on stone, and appropriately coloured, the costume about to be used in the representation of *Henry IV.* next week at Covent Garden Theatre.

So highly do we approve of the design, that we only regret its not being executed in a superior manner, and preserved by a work of consequently a higher price. Were that the case, the Prints might serve excellently to illustrate Shakespeare, and be in other ways worthy of the Fine Arts of this period. As it is, it merely conveys an idea of what Mr. Planché has accomplished for the benefit of the Drama; and he appears not only to have directed his researches aright, but to have devoted much diligence to the necessary inquiry. His authorities are invariably good; and where contemporary aid was to be sought for any particular character (the original for which was dark or lost,) he seems to have exercised sound taste in the choice. Thus the renowned Falstaff (instead of his wonted garb never earlier than *temp. Henry VIII.*, and frequently as late as *temp. George I.*) is dressed from an effigy of the Blanchfont family, in Avelchurch, Worcestershire, A.D. 1397, and must thus approximate the true appearance of the fat Knight. We are aware that in many instances and very remote eras, it must be impossible to ascertain the precise dress of almost any class of the people; but it is well to take care not to outrage all order by mixing and confounding parts utterly inconsistent with the dates, and never joined at any period. From illuminated mss., monumental records, ancient pictures, and other sources, Mr. Planché has hitherto proceeded judiciously; and as we see he has the good fortune to be advised by such persons as Mr. Douce and Dr. Meyrick, we are convinced that his alterations will contribute greatly to the correctness and splendour of the national Drama.

#### HALL ON SOUTH AMERICA.

The only preface we need to the following paper, is that of noticing that the author is in Lima after its conquest by San Martin and Lord Cochrane:—

"Being desirous (says Capt. H.) of ascertaining, by every means, the real state of popular feeling, which generally develops itself at public meetings, I went to one of the bull-fights, given in honour of the new Viceroy's installation. It took place in an immense wooden amphitheatre, capable of holding, it was said, twenty thousand people. As we had been disappointed at Valparaiso by a sham bull-fight, we hoped here to witness an exhibition worthy of the mother country. But the resemblance was not less faulty, though in the opposite extreme, for the bulls were here put to death with so many unusual circumstances of cruelty, as not only to make it unlike the proper bull-fights, but take away all pleasure in the spectacle from persons not habituated to the sight. These exhibitions have been described by so many travellers, that it is needless here to do more than ad-

vert to some circumstances peculiar to those of Lima.

"After the bull had been repeatedly speared, and tormented by darts and fire-works, and was all streaming with blood, the matador, on a signal from the Viceroy, proceeded to dispatch him. Not being, however, sufficiently expert, he merely sheathed his sword in the animal's neck without effect. The bull instantly took his revenge, by tossing the matador to a great height in the air, and he fell apparently dead in the arena. The audience applauded the bull, while the attendants carried off the matador. The bull next attacked a horseman, dismounted him, ripped up the horse's belly, and bore him to the ground, where he was not suffered to die in peace, but was raised on his legs, and urged, by whipping and goading, to move round the ring in a state too horrible to be described, but which afforded the spectators the greatest delight. The noble bull had thus succeeded in baffling his tormentors as long as fair means were used, when a cruel device was thought of to subdue him. A large curved instrument called a Luna was thrown at him from behind, in such a way as to divide the hamstrings of the hind legs; such, however, were his strength and spirit, that he did not fall, but actually travelled along at a tolerable pace on his stumps, a most horrible sight! This was not all, for a man armed with a dagger now mounted the bull's back, and rode about for some minutes to the infinite delight of the spectators, who were thrown into ecstasies, and laughed and clapped their hands at every stab given to the miserable animal, not to kill him, but to stimulate him to accelerate his pace; at length, the poor beast, exhausted by loss of blood, fell down and died.

"The greater number of the company, although females, seemed so enchanted with the brutal scene passing under their eyes, that I looked round, in vain, for a single face that looked grave; every individual seeming quite delighted; and it was melancholy to observe a great proportion of children amongst the spectators, from one of whom, a little girl, only eight years old, I learned that she had already seen three bull-fights; the details of which she gave with great animation and pleasure, dwelling especially on those horrid circumstances I have described. It would shock and disgust to no purpose to give a minute account of other instances of wanton cruelty, which, however, appeared to be the principal recommendation of these exhibitions.

"The reflections which force themselves on the mind, on contemplating a whole population frequently engaged in such scenes, are of a painful nature; for it seems impossible to conceive, that, where the taste is so thoroughly corrupted, there can be left any ground-work of right feelings upon which to raise a superstructure of principle, of knowledge, or of just sentiment."

"Connected with these struggles of man against animals, we have some extraordinary details of the skill and prowess of the guassos:

"When a wild horse is to be taken, the lasso is always placed round the two hind legs, and, as the guasso rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching his poucho or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head; he then forces into his

mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the poucho; upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours, by a thousand vain efforts, to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his speed and strength in the capture of his wild companions.

"During the recent wars in this country, the lasso was used as a weapon of great power in the hands of the guassos, who make bold and useful troops, and never fail to dismount cavalry, or to throw down the horses of those who come within their reach. There is a well-authenticated story of a party of eight or ten of these men, who had never seen a piece of artillery, till one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres; they galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it. Another anecdote is related of them, which, though possible enough, does not rest on such good authority. A number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain point on the coast, guarded solely by these horsemen. The party in the boats, caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. The guassos, meanwhile, were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and, throwing their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats. - - -

"Before breakfast to-day, we witnessed the South American method of killing cattle, a topic which, at first sight, must appear no very delicate or inviting one; but I trust it will not prove uninteresting, or disagreeable in description.

"The cattle, as I before mentioned, had been driven into an inclosure, or corral, whence they were now let out, one by one, and killed; but not in the manner practised in England, where, I believe, they are dragged into a house, and dispatched by blows on the forehead with a pole-axe. Here the whole took place in the open air, and resembled rather the catastrophe of a grand field sport, than a mere deliberate slaughter. On a level space of ground before the corral were ranged in a line four or five guassos on horseback, with their lassos all ready in their hands; and opposite to them another line of men on foot, furnished also with lassos, so as to form a wide line, extending from the gate of the corral to the distance of thirty or forty yards. When all was prepared, the leader of the guassos drew out the bars closing the entrance to the corral; and, riding in, separated one from the drove, which he goaded till it escaped at the opening. The reluctance of the cattle to quit the corral was evident, but when, at length, forced to do so, they dashed forwards with the utmost impetuosity. It is said that, in this country, even the wildest animals have an instinctive horror of the lasso; those in a domestic state certainly have, and betray fear whenever they see it. Be this as it may, the moment they pass the gate, they spring forward at full speed, with all the appearance of terror. But were they to go ten times faster, it would avail them nothing against the irresistible lasso, which, in the midst of dust, and a confusion seemingly inextricable, were placed by the guassos with the most perfect correctness over the parts aimed at. There



cannot be conceived a more spirited, or a more picturesque scene than was now presented to us; or one which, in the hands of a bold sketcher, would have furnished a finer subject. Let the furious beast be imagined driven almost to madness by thirst, and a variety of irritations, and in the utmost terror at the multitude of lassos whirling all around him; he rushes wildly forward, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils almost touching the ground, and his breath driving off the dust in his course:—for one short instant he is free, and full of life and strength, defying, as it were, all the world to restrain him in his headlong course; the next moment he is covered with lassos, his horns, his neck, his legs, are all encircled by these inevitable cords, hanging loose, in long festoons from the hands of the horsemen galloping in all directions, but the next instant as tight as bars of iron; and the noble animal lies prostrate on the ground, motionless and helpless. He is immediately dispatched by a man on foot, who stands ready for this purpose with a sharp knife in his hand; and as soon as the body is disentangled from the lassos, it is drawn on one side, and another is driven out of the corral, and caught in the same manner.

"On begging to know why so many lassos were thrown at once on these occasions, we learned that the first rush of the beast, when driven out of the corral, is generally so impetuous, that few single ones are strong enough to bear the jerk without breaking. As an experiment, a cow, in a very furious state, was let out, and directions given for only two men to attempt to stop her. The first lasso fell over her head, and drew it round, so that the horns almost touched her back, so that the cord snapped without stopping her; the second was intentionally placed round the fore part of the body, but it also broke without materially checking her progress. Away went the cow, scouring over the country, followed by two fresh horsemen standing erect in their stirrups, with their lassos flying round their heads, and their ponchos streaming out behind them; an animating and characteristic sight. The cow galloped, and the horses galloped, and such is the speed which cattle acquire when accustomed to run wild, that at first the horses had but little advantage. The ground being covered with shrubs and young trees, and full of hollow places, and sunk roads, the chase was diversified by many leaps, in which, although the poor cow did well at first, the horses, ere long, gained upon her, and the nearest guasso perceiving that he was just within reach, let fly his lasso. The cow was at such a distance that it required the whole length of the lasso to reach her, and the noose had become so contracted by the knot slipping up, that it was barely large enough to admit the horns; had the cow been one foot more in advance, the circle would have become too small. When the rider saw the noose fixed, he stopped and turned his horse, upon which the poor cow, her head nearly wrung off, was cast to the ground with great violence. The second horseman dashed along, and on passing the cow, instead of throwing his lasso, merely stooped on one side, and laid the noose, which he had contracted to a small circle, over her horns. This done, the guassos turned their horses' heads and trotted back with their unwilling prize, not having been more than four or five minutes absent from the ground.

"There is another method of arresting the animal's progress without using the lasso,

which is said to require even more skill and presence of mind than that formidable instrument itself. A horseman is stationed a little way from the entrance of the corral, armed with an instrument called a Luna, which consists of a steel blade about a foot long, and curved, as its name implies, in the form of a crescent, sharpened on the concave edge, and having a pole ten or twelve feet long screwed into the middle of the blunt or convex side; so that, when held horizontally, the horns of the crescent point forward. The rider carries this luna in his right hand, couched like a lance, the blade being then about two feet from the ground, in advance of the horse, while the staff is kept steady by passing it under the arm. Having allowed the animal to rush past, he puts spurs to his horse, gallops after, and on coming close up, places his weapon in such a situation, that when the animal's right hind leg is thrown backwards, it shall enter the fork or crescent of the luna, and by striking against the edge, which is made as sharp as a razor, divide the tendon. The weapon is then quickly transferred to the left leg, where, in like manner, the least touch properly applied divides the other tendon. We saw this cruel feat performed by the principal guasso on our host's estate, who was described as being the best rider and the most expert man in that part of the country. The ground was very dry and dusty, so that, by the time he overtook the bullock he was in chase of, there was such a cloud raised by the animal's feet, that we could scarcely see what was doing. The guasso contrived, however, to cut both hamstring, but his horse becoming confused, fell over the bullock, and we were in considerable alarm lest the man should be cut in two by his own weapon, or be transfixed by the beast's horns: but he never lost his self-possession, and having first flung the instrument high into the air, raised both himself and horse from the ground, and rode out of the cloud unhurt, and without having ever lost his seat.

"While this more serious business was going on, a parcel of mischievous boys had perched themselves on a pile of firewood close to the corral, and being each armed in his way, with a lasso made of a small strip of hide, or of whip-cord, had the first chance to noose the animals as they rushed out. They seldom failed to throw successfully, but their slender cords broke like cobwebs. One wicked urchin, however, more bold than the rest, mounted himself on a donkey that happened to be on the spot; and taking the lasso which belonged to it, for no description of animal that is ever mounted is without this essential equipment, and placing himself so as not to be detected by the men, he threw it gallantly over the first bullock's neck; but as soon as it became tight, away flew the astonished donkey and his rider: the terrified boy soon tumbled off; but poor Neddy was dragged along the ground, till a more efficient force was made to co-operate with his unavailing resistance."

After witnessing these cruel scenes, the mind could hardly be attuned for contemplating the giant Andes. Yet Captain H. gives at once a philosophical and poetical description of them—

"On the 26th of May we sailed from Valparaiso, and proceeded along the coast of Lima. During the greater part of this voyage the land was in sight, and we had many opportunities of seeing not only the Andes, but

other interesting features of the country. The sky was sometimes covered by a low dark unbroken cloud, overshadowing the sea, and resting on the top of the high cliffs which guard the coast; so that the Andes, and, indeed, the whole country, except the immediate shore, were then screened from our view. But at some places this lofty range of cliffs was intersected by deep gullies, called quebradas, connected with extensive vallies stretching far into the interior. At these openings we were admitted to a view of regions, which, being beyond the limits of the cloud, and therefore exposed to the full blaze of the sun, formed a brilliant contrast to the darkness and gloom in which we were involved. As we sailed past, and looked through these mysterious breaks, it seemed as if the eye penetrated into another world; and had the darkness around us been more complete, the light beyond would have been equally resplendent with that of the full moon, to which every one was disposed to compare this most curious and surprising appearance.

"As the sun's rays were not, in this case, reflected from a bright snowy surface, but from a dark-coloured sand, we are furnished, by analogy, with an answer to the difficulties sometimes started, with respect to the probable dark nature of the soil composing the moon's surface."

But we are again warned to stop—not yet having overcome the attractions of Captain Hall's first volume.

#### CAPT. PARRY'S SECOND VOYAGE.

The arrangements of our last Number compelled us to retain the following account of Eskimaux, entire, for this week's Journal:—

"In every direction around the huts were lying innumerable bones of walrus and seals, together with skulls of dogs, bears, and foxes, on many of which a part of the putrid flesh still remaining sent forth the most offensive effluvia. We were not a little surprised to find also a number of human skulls lying about among the rest, within a few yards of the huts; and were somewhat inclined to be out of humour on this account with our new friends, who not only treated the matter with the utmost indifference, but on observing that we were inclined to add some of them to our collections, went eagerly about to look for them, and tumbled, perhaps the craniums of some of their own relations, into our bag without delicacy or remorse. In various other parts of the island we soon after met with similar relics no better disposed of; but we had yet to learn how little pains these people take to place their dead out of the reach of hungry bears or anatomical collectors."

Captain Lyon mixed a good deal with these people, and on one occasion says—

"Accompanied by George Dunn, I found Toolemak on landing, who welcomed us to his tent in which for two hours it was scarcely possible to move in consequence of the crowd who came to gaze at us. A new deer-skin was spread for me, and Dunn having found a corner for himself, we all lay down to sleep, not however until our host, his wife, their little son, and a dog, had turned in beside me under cover of a fine warm skin, all naked except the lady, who with the decorum natural to her sex had kept on a part of her clothes. . . .

"The morning of the 27th was rather fine for a short time. . . . Two deer were observed on the northern land which was called *Khead-laghio* by the Esquimaux, and Toole-

mak accompanied Dunn in chase of them. One was killed by the latter as he informed me, in consequence of the old man's lying behind a stone and imitating the peculiar bellow of these animals, until it was led by its curiosity to come within a short gun-shot. On crossing to bring over our game we found the old Esquimaux had skinned and broken up the deer after his own manner, and my companions being without food I divided it into shares. The entrails and paunch I was about to leave on the plain, but was reminded by the anxious looks of the natives, that these offals are described by Crantz as delicacies, under the name of *Nerooka*, or "the eatable," an appellation which also distinguishes them at Igloodik. I accordingly assigned, these choice morsels to a young man of our party, who bore them off in triumph.

"Arriving on the ice a skin was taken from the sledge as a seat, and we all squatted down to a repast which was quite new to me. In ten minutes the natives had picked the deer's bones so clean that even the hungry dogs disdained to gnaw them a second time. Dunn and myself made our breakfast on a choice slice cut from the spine, and found it so good, the wind-pipe in particular, that at dinner-time we preferred the same food to our share of the preserved meat which we had saved from the preceding night. Of the *nerooka* I also tasted a small portion on the principle that no man who wishes to conciliate or inquire into the manners of savages should refuse to fare as they do. I found this substance acid and rather pungent, resembling as near as I could judge a mixture of sorrel and radish leaves. I conceive that the acidity recommends it to these people.

"As we sat I observed the mosquitoes to be very numerous, but they were lying in a half torpid state on the ice, and incapable of molesting us. I obtained the meridian altitude which gave the lat.  $69^{\circ} 20' 48''$  N.; the western extreme of Igloodik bearing ESE. about fourteen miles. Soon after noon we set forward on our return, and without seeing any object but the flat and decaying ice, passed from land to land with our former celerity, dashing through large pools of water much oftener than was altogether agreeable to men who had not been dry for above thirty hours, or warm for a still longer period. Our eleven dogs were large fine looking animals, and an old one of peculiar sagacity was placed at their head by having a longer trace, so as to lead them over the safest and driest places, for these animals have a great dread of water. The leader was instant in obeying the voice of the driver, who did not beat but repeatedly talked to and called it by name. It was beautiful to observe the sledges racing to the same object, the dogs and men in full cry, and the vehicles splashing through the water with the velocity of rival stage coaches.

"We were joyfully welcomed to the dwelling of Ooyarra whose guest I was now to become, and the place of honour, the deer-skin seat, was cleared for my reception. His two wives, *Kai-moo-khiak* and *Awa-run-ni*, occupied one end, for it was a double tent; while at the opposite extremity the parents of the senior wife were established. The old mother *Nolo-kit-yoo* assisted the young women in pulling off our wet clothes and boots, which latter being of native manufacture, she new soled and mended without any request on our side, considering us as a part of the family. Our knapsacks and clothes being wet, we gladly turned, in presence of a dozen

or more of visitors, into our blanket-bags, which had been better preserved. Dunn slept in the little tent to watch our goods, and I had a small portion of Ooyarra's screened off for me by a seal's skin. Tired as I was, sleep was denied me; for I was obliged on the arrival of each new set of people to answer their questions as to how I possibly could have got into the bag, the manner in which I had wrapped it round me for warmth leading them to suppose I was sewed up in it. My host and his wives having retired to another tent, and my visitors taking compassion on me, I went comfortably to sleep; but at midnight was awakened by a feeling of great warmth, and to my surprise found myself covered by a large deer-skin, under which lay my friend, his two wives, and their favourite puppy, all fast asleep and stark naked. Supposing this was all according to rule, I left them to repose in peace and resigned myself to sleep.

"On rising, Dunn and I washed with soap in a pond, which caused great speculations amongst the by-standers, on some of whom we afterwards performed miracles in the cleansing way. A large assemblage being collected to hear me talk of Neyuning-Eitua, or Winter Island, and to see us eat, the women volunteered to cook for us; and as we preferred a fire in the open air to their lamps, the good-natured creatures sat an hour in the rain to stew some venison which we had saved from our shares of the deer. The fires in summer when in the open air, are generally made of bones previously well rubbed with blubber, and the female who attends the cooking chews a large piece, from which, as she extracts the oil, she spurs it on the flame. At our meals I found every person much pleased with biscuit, which was supposed to be the dried flesh of the musk ox by those who had never seen that animal, and it was with great difficulty I explained that it was made from the seeds of a little tree and pounded to its present state.

"After noon, as I lay half-asleep, a man came and, taking me by the hand, desired Dunn to follow. He led to a tent, which from the stillness within I conjectured was unattended. Several men stood near the door; and on entering I found eighteen women assembled and seated in regular order, with the seniors in front. In the centre, near the tent-pole, stood two men, who, when I was seated on a large stone, walked slowly round, and one began dancing in the usual manner to the favourite tune of 'Anna aya.' The second person, as I soon found, was the dancer's assistant, and when the principal had pretty well exhausted himself, he walked gravely up to him, and, taking his head between his hands, performed a ceremony called *Koo-nik*, which is rubbing noses, to the great amazement and amidst the plaudits of the whole company. After this, as if much refreshed, he resumed his performance, occasionally however taking a *koonik*, to enliven himself and the spectators. The rubber, if I may be excused the expression, was at length brought forward and put in the place of the first dancer, who rushed out of the tent to cool himself. In this manner five or six couples exhibited alternately, obtaining more or less applause according to the oddity of their grimaces. At length a witty fellow, in consequence of some whispering and tittering amongst the ladies, advanced and gave me the *koonik*, which challenge I was obliged to answer by standing up to dance, and my nose was in its turn

most severely rubbed, to the great delight of all present.

"Having been as patient as could be wished for above an hour, and being quite overpowered by the heat of the crowded tent, I made a hasty retreat, after having distributed needles to all the females, and exacting *kooniks* from all the prettiest in return. A general outcry was now made for Dunn, a most quiet north countryman, to exhibit also; but he, having seen the liberties which had been taken with my nose, very prudently made his retreat, anticipating what would be his fate if he remained.

"During a short interval of fine weather we hung out our clothes to dry, and the contents of our knapsacks, instruments, knives, and beads, were strewn on the ground while we went inland to shoot a few ducks. We cautioned no one against thieving, and were so much at their mercy that every thing might have been taken without a possibility of detection, yet not a single article was found to have been removed from its place at our return. At night I was attended by the same bedfellows as before; the young puppy however, being now better acquainted, took up his quarters in my blanket-bag, as from thence he could the more easily reach a quantity of walrus-flesh which lay near my head, and I was awakened more than once by finding him gnawing a lump by my side.

"On the morning of the 29th I was really glad to find that the ships were not yet in sight, as I should be enabled to pass another day amongst the hospitable natives. While making my rounds I met several others who were also visiting, and who each invited me to call at his tent in its turn. Wherever I entered the master rose and resigned his seat next his wife or wives, and stood before me or squatted on a stone near the door. I was then told to 'speak' or in fact to give a history of all I knew of the distant tribe, which from constant repetition I could now manage pretty well. In one tent I found a man mending his paddle, which was ingeniously made of various little scraps of wood, ivory, split bone, lashed together. He put it into my hands to repair, taking it for granted that a *kabloona* would succeed much better than himself. An hour afterwards the poor fellow came and took me by the hand to his tent, where I found a large pot of walrus flesh evidently cooked for me. His wife licked a piece and offered it, but on his saying something to her took out another, and having pared off the outside gave me the clean part, which, had it been carrion, I would not have hurt these poor creatures by refusing. The men showed me some curious puzzles with knots on their fingers, and I did what I could in return. The little girls were very expert in a singular but dirty amusement, which consisted in drawing a piece of sinew up their nostrils, and producing the end out of their mouths. The elder people were for the most part in chase of the tormenters which swarmed in their head and clothes; and I saw for the first time an ingenious contrivance for detaching them from the back, or such parts of the body as the hands could not reach. This was the rib of a seal, having a bunch of the whitest of a deer's hair attached to one end of it, and on this rubbing the places which require it the little animals stick to it: from their colour they are easily detected, and of course consigned to the mouths of the hunters.

"The weather clearing in the afternoon one ship was seen in the distance, which di



fused a general joy amongst the people, who ran about screaming and dancing with delight. While lounging along the beach and waiting the arrival of the ship, I proposed a game at 'leap-frog,' which was quite new to the natives, and in learning which some terrible falls were made. Even the women with the children at their backs would not be outdone by the men, and they formed a grotesque party of opposition jumpers. Tired with a long exhibition I retreated to the tent, but was allowed a very short repose, as I was soon informed that the people from the farthest tents were come to see my performance, and on going out I found five men stationed at proper distances, with their heads down for me to go over them, which I did amidst loud cries of *koyenne* (thanks.)

"As the ship drew near in the evening, I perceived her to be the *Hecla*; but, not expecting a boat so late, lay down to sleep. I soon found my mistake, for a large party came drumming on the side of the tent, and crying out that a 'little ship' was coming, and in fact I found the boat nearly on shore. Ooyarra's senior wife now anxiously begged to tattoo a little figure on my arm, which she had no sooner done than the youngest insisted on making the same mark; and while all around were running about and screaming in the greatest confusion, these two poor creatures sat quietly down to embellish me. When the boat landed a general rush was made for the privilege of carrying our things down to it. Awaranni, who owned the little dog which slept with me, ran and threw him as a present into the boat; when after a general koonik we pushed off, fully sensible of the kind hospitality we had received. Toolemak and Ooyarra came on board in my boat, in order to pass the night and receive presents, and we left the beach under three hearty cheers."

With this brief but curious account of Eskimauz customs, we must stop, either now, or taking a future opportunity for finishing the Review of Capt. Parry's labours.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Much to Blame*,\* a Tale, by a Celebrated Author, is written with considerable spirit, though occasionally verging a little too much into the usual common-places of Novels. *Much to Blame* is, nevertheless, the reverse of its title; and is a light and amusing tale, with some ingeniously contrived incidents, and two or three well drawn characters. Whether the other branch of the title page be true or not, we shall not hastily decide: only, if the author be really celebrated, it is unwise and unworthy in his publisher, and in himself, not to put his name forth. Herein they are *Much to Blame*.

*Annaline, or Motive Hunting*. Although the attempt of the author to revive the pure style of the good old patriarch, Richardson, is one upon which, in these impure days, we cannot promise him success, there is much in this work deserving of commendation. In his descriptions of natural scenery, with which the tale is profusely interspersed, the author leaves no clime unvisited, and visits none without leaving behind him traces of a masculine and highly susceptible mind. The war of elements is his peculiar forte; and there are the details of a land storm in the romantic region of the Andes, which the living

reality, we should think, can scarcely surpass. We may also notice with satisfaction the 'over true' picture of a shipwreck on the 'iron-bound' coast of Cornwall. These, with many others of the same cast, will recommend the work to the lover of nature in all her varied forms and hues. They undoubtedly rank the author above the ordinary romance-writer of the day. Although from that respectable character he might receive a hint as to a style less intrinsically good perhaps, but more popular and profitable.

*The Modern Traveller†* is a half-crown monthly publication, in a small size, but of great merit. The quantity and quality of the text, the neatness of the ornaments, and the usefulness of the maps, render it altogether one of the cheapest and most valuable publications which the spirit of publishing has devised or executed. We have not seen anything better calculated for the hands of youth. The first two Parts contained an excellent account of Palestine, and the present is equally praiseworthy as a portion of Syria.

*The Old English Drama‡* is a work of another class meant for periodical appearance. The first Number contains "The Second Maiden's Tragedy," printed from the original ms. in the Lansdown collection, and one of the three unpublished plays which escaped from the fiery hands of Warburton's cook—a personage as fatal to the ancient dramatic literature as Eostratus was to ancient architectural art. The publication of a series of the kind thus undertaken by Mr. Baldwyn has long been a desideratum; and from the specimen before us, as well as his able manner of reproducing the stores of olden literature, we anticipate a very delightful, correct, and well chosen selection. With regard to his earliest example, we are of opinion that its rarity is a greater recommendation to it than its poetical or dramatic beauty. Yet there are good thoughts and graceful expressions; but, upon the whole, mediocrity prevails, and some of the language can hardly be received, even from under the dust and cobwebs of centuries.

*Letters to Young Ladies on their Entrance into the World*,§ by Mrs. Lanfear, is a well meant volume; and contains both example and precept, in the stories of well and ill educated females. The paper is not so good as it ought to be in a volume intended for young ladies.

*Formulary for the Preparation and Mode of employing several new Remedies, viz. Morphine, Iodine, Quinine, &c. &c.* London 1824. Underwoods.

The improved state of Pharmaceutical chemistry induces us to notice the above new impression of M. Majendie's little work, for which the Medical world is indebted to Dr. Dunglison, known to the Profession as editor of the London Medical Repository, translator of Baron Larrey's Treatise on Moxa, &c. Three new remedies, Cyttisine, Picrotoxine, and Atropine, have for the first time a place assigned them in this useful little work; and to the valuable notes of Mr. Haden's translation, Dr. D. has added all the important information which has been furnished since the first edition, as well as a copious Index, Posological Table, and Tables of the proportion of active ingredients de-

† Parts 1, 2, and 3, published by James Dupan.

‡ Or, a Selection of Plays from the Old English Dramatic. No. 1. C. Baldwyn.

§ 1 vol. 12mo. J. Robins & Co.

scribed in the various compound medicines contained in the Formulary. The whole is highly creditable to the talents of the ingenious Editor.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Oxford, April 9, 1824.

A SHORT vacation having left me free to dispose of a few days which would not exactly permit me to rejoin my own family circle, I went, as is often my custom, to spend this interval of leisure with a near relation, whose residence is within a moderate distance of this University. On reaching N—, I had the mortification of finding that my cousin had been suddenly called from home by business of importance; he had left a note for me in case of my arrival during his absence, regretting that he was not there to receive me, and expressing a hope that I should find no want of amusement till his return, which he trusted would not be long delayed. As the day was too unfavourable to think of wandering over the grounds, I snatched into the library, and resolved to enter upon some study, which, by fully occupying my mind, would prevent me from dwelling upon my disappointment. In this mood, I advanced to a large bookcase of massy structure, the ponderous volumes in which looked like the chronicles of ages: the key was in the lock, but the accumulation of rust upon its complicated wards, rendered it no easy matter to turn it, and it was only after long and ceaseless efforts that it yielded to my skill, and displayed to my pleased eye all the treasures of History. Scarcely deigning to notice the two familiar names of Gibbon, Hume, Rapin, Rollin, &c. whose voluminous writings were arranged on the lower shelves, I mounted to higher regions, and read names of histories, and authors, whose works, though sometimes heard of, had never before come within my reach,—old quaint historians, the very cobwebs upon whose mouldy leaves claimed respect from a young student like myself. Delighted at the acquisition of this treasure, I brushed off the dust that had long veiled the splendours of binding, and driving away two or three spiders that were busily employed in weaving over it decorations of another kind, I commenced the perusal of a volume that had cost me so much labour to obtain. But alas! student as I thought myself, I was by no means student enough for a work requiring such deep research as that which I had unfortunately chosen. The returned phrases, the obsolete spelling, the miserable mixture of old French, bad Latin, and barbarous English, bid defiance to any reader not thoroughly versed in the uncouth style of the period at which it was written. Pahaw! said I, peevishly returning the volume to its almost unattainable recess, these old writers are like some studious men, of whom one forms the mistaken notion that their conversation must be very delightful: they are sought in their obscure retreats, with infinite trouble prevailed upon to quit their lonely studies, and mingle in society; and, after all the pains that have been taken, they talk such a strange unworldly language, that they might as well be utterly silent, for there is not one person in a hundred who has any possible interest in the subjects of their conversation. I next sought amusement among the various dissertations on arts and sciences, which were ranged on shelves that had a more modern air. Botany, chemistry, geology, &c. &c. I passed by, as being only

sulted to please the professor of each particular science; but I took down a volume on Heraldry, thinking that a very small acquaintance with the terms of this once aristocratic art would enable me to read without any great difficulty a few pages on the subject; but I soon found that the deficiencies of real science had been supplied by innumerable technicalities, in the intricacies of which I was instantly so deeply involved, that I found it utterly impossible to develop a single blazon, or even understand the terms in which a crest or coat of arms was described. And these, said I, carrying on the simile, are professional men, who will not condescend to use any other language than that appropriated to their own peculiar pursuit; these are no companions:—and the volume was replaced. My next attempt was naturally made in a very different style, and I seized with avidity a small elegant book that lay on the table, which was the very *beau idéal* of what ought to adorn the boudoir of a lady of taste and fashion. It was Poetry; the effusions of a young enthusiast—all romance and paradox. I was at first pleased with the wild, capricious wanderings of the youthful poet's fancy, then offended by the irregularity of the metre and the confusion of metaphors, and finally disgusted with the opposition of sentiments that even half an hour's reading detected. The fiction was too evident; and as I closed the book I experienced the same weariness and contempt that I have sometimes felt when thrown into the society of a sentimental young lady, whose conversation I thought greatly resembled the discarded volume.—Too much time had now been spent, for me to think of commencing another study, and I therefore resigned myself to the more indolent amusement of finding characters to correspond with every species of composition now before me. The Commentators, who devote whole pages to one disputed word, and bring forward, in support of some favourite reading, half a dozen reasons, all equally convincing and well founded, reminded me of those argumentative people, in whose company, be as guarded as you will in language, scarcely an opinion can be uttered without challenging a remark, a doubt, or a contradiction. Reviews!—oh! of course they were critics—a title which includes a vast variety of characters—some interesting, intelligent, amusing; others, whose only talent consists in finding out the blemishes of genius, as far above their comprehension, as it is beyond their imitation. Novels—under which name I will only class those that really are what they pretend to be—living pictures of manners, were men of the world, in whose society may be gained some information, much entertainment, and occasionally a good moral lesson. The Magazines, so pleasingly diversified with all the light and changing topics of the day, were men of fashion, who, if well informed and communicative, might amuse one for a while, but of whom few would wish to make a constant companion. A book of Anecdotes, bon mots, &c. was a wit; a Daily Paper, a gossip; a Pamphlet, a politician; and a weekly County Chronicle was like a country gentleman, who lays great stress on the importance of every trifling event that happens in his own immediate neighbourhood. But to whom shall I compare an Encyclopedia? What individual can boast of such varied and extensive knowledge? It must be a literary club, whose information on every subject may be had within the most pleasing

form. Of the Essayist, I will say nothing, lest I should develop my own character, which is best left to the investigation of others.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### EVENING AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

Winter has passed away, and we partly turn our attention from the radiant orbs of Heaven to view with delight and admiration the beautiful gems which Nature scatters in rich profusion upon the bosom of Spring. The long evenings are progressively giving place to the increasing length of the day. The Sun is apparently passing through Taurus into Gemini, while the Earth is actually travelling through the opposite sign Scorpio, and will enter Sagittarius on the 30th day. The Northern Pole becomes daily more and more presented to the solar beams. On the 1st, all the inhabitants to the northward of lat. 74° 51' N. will have the Sun continually in sight; and the same will occur, at the close of the month, to the northward of 68° 23' N. At this time it will have wholly disappeared at Peter's Island, lately discovered by the Russians, in the Arctic Ocean. Saturn is now approaching the Sun, Jupiter descending in the West, and Orion will cease to glitter in our sight. If it were possible to see the stars at mid-day, this month would present the most beautiful appearances. The brightest of the planetary bodies, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, the most brilliant constellations which appear to our latitude, would be seen on or near the meridian with the Sun. Mars, at his greatest altitude, will be one of the most conspicuous objects of our evenings; and an excellent opportunity will be afforded of observing Mercury. This planet, from its nearness to the Sun, is rarely to be seen, and then only for a short time. On the 1st, Mercury will appear, at setting, NW  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. 3° to the left of Pleiades. By the 10th he will have made a progressive motion of 11½°, and this evening, if clear, will be the best for observation. At nine o'clock Mercury will be distinctly visible NW  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. 10° below  $\beta$  Taurus, and between 7° and 8° above the horizon. The observer should be stationed at his glass shortly after eight o'clock. The planet will set 9h 56m.

### Phases of the Moon.

☾ First Quarter .....	5d 16h 15m
☾ Full Moon .....	12 14 34
☾ Last Quarter .....	20 12 37
☾ New Moon .....	28 3 3
May 1, Mercury culminates .....	1h 14m
— sets NW $\frac{1}{2}$ W. ....	9 25
— 25, $\beta$ culminates .....	0 53
— sets NW $\frac{1}{2}$ W. ....	9 5
May 1, Venus rises E $\frac{1}{2}$ N. ....	15h 58m
— culminates .....	22 32
— 25, $\gamma$ rises NE $\frac{1}{2}$ E. ....	15 22
— culminates .....	22 50
May 1, Mars rises E $\frac{1}{2}$ N. ....	2h 42m
— culminates .....	9 7
— 25, $\delta$ culminates .....	7 40
— sets W $\frac{1}{2}$ N. ....	13 55
At the commencement of the month, $\delta$ $\beta$ Virgo.	

May 1, Jupiter culminates ..... 3h 58m || — sets NW  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. .... | 12 15 |
— 25,  $\chi$  culminates .....	2 42
— sets .....	10 58
There is only one visible emersion of the 2d Sat. 6d 10h 36m, and one immersion of the 3d Sat. 27d 9h 19m. On the 30th,  $\chi$  will be close to  $\delta$  II.	

May 1, Saturn culminates .....	0h 59m
— sets NW $\frac{1}{2}$ W. ....	8 36
— 25, $\eta$ rises NE $\frac{1}{2}$ E. ....	15 56
— culminates .....	23 33
$\eta$ $\delta$ with the Sun 17d 19h. At the close of the month, $\eta$ and $\delta$ will be about 5° apart.	
May 1, Georgian rises SE $\frac{1}{2}$ E. ....	12h 35m
— culminates .....	16 31
— 25, $\theta$ rises .....	11 16
— culminates .....	15 12

$\theta$  is still in the right shoulder of Sagittarius.

About the middle of the month, at 9h 15m, Cassiopeia will be at the lowest depression North; Cygnus from NEB.N. to ENE. the  $\mu$  in the tip of the lower wing just rising. Five of the principal stars in this constellation

form a great cross, of which the  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  are the two farthest extremities, and the whole figure bears a strong resemblance to its name. About 15° above the  $\beta$  is Lyra, ENE.; and SE  $\beta$  S. is Libra. Between these are the two large constellations of Hercules and Serpentarius Ophiucus, the two  $\alpha$  between 5° and 6° apart, E  $\beta$  S. Scorpio will be rising SE.; Virgo and Coma Berenice on the meridian; Charles' Wain nearly perpendicularly above us, affording an excellent opportunity of pointing out those stars which we have noticed before. The cluster of small stars in the body of Cancer will be a beautiful telescopic object.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR MAY.

THE weather, during the first three weeks of April, has been rather unfavourable to vegetation, and has checked the wheats and beans rather injuriously. Little danger, however, is apprehended of an average crop, provided we continue to have such days as we have had for the last week. Grass, both natural and artificial, and clovers and tares, have improved wonderfully since the change of temperature has commenced; and the fresh butter sent to the London market is already yellower and sweeter, in consequence of cows being put out to bite the herb for a few hours daily.

The field operations of May are not numerous, but they are highly important. On the labour of this month depends the excellence both of the turnip and wheat fallows. If what ought to be done now is neglected till June, the season is in a great measure lost; for then adhesive soils have become too stiff to turn freely, and very foul lands cannot be pulverized so as to be properly divested of root weeds. As a great help to the speedy reduction of fallows, we would recommend the use of the cultivator, or grubber, after the second ploughing. The first, or winter ploughing, having been given in the direction of the ridges, the second, or spring ploughing, in the beginning of April, ought to have been given across; and instead of a third ploughing in May, put four or six horses to a cultivator, or large harrow with sloping coulters (not a brake,) having share-like points. Go over the field with this heavy and powerful implement three or four times, and it will be thoroughly pulverized. Then, if for turnips, it will be fit for ridging up and laying on the dung; or if for a naked fallow, it will be in a state to lie at rest for three weeks, when it should have one deep furrow, and afterwards be manured, or otherwise, according to the circumstances of the soil, season, and object in view.

Potatoes may be planted on land prepared in this way till the end of May, or first week in June; they will still ripen in time, and it is a great matter to defer planting as late as possible, in order previously to clean and comminute foul and cohesive soils.

Cattle and sheep are very apt to break through fences this month, owing to that vigour of body and appetite for enjoyment which all animals seem to experience at this season.

## FINE ARTS.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

By means of the Private View at Somerset House yesterday, we are enabled to throw an anticipatory glance over the Exhibition of the year, for the information of our readers.



There are about two hundred fewer pieces than usual, and the upper parts of the great room are hung with a heavy drapery, instead of being laden with pictures to the ceiling. The room itself is quite as interesting to the spectator as on any occasion which we remember, though we miss Turner in Landscape, and Wilkie in familiar life,—the former altogether, and the latter from having only two slight though excellent contributions, and not one of his great works.\*

There is an improvement in not being so many whole-lengths as we have been accustomed to see: the place is well filled by various subjects both of a high class and of an amusing character. By following the pages of our Catalogue, we may notice the prominent features which struck us on a cursory view.

13. Venus and Cupid. *T. Stothard, R.A.*—A classical performance, which produces a good effect when seen from a proper distance.

14. Edward III., Queen Isabella, and Mortimer. *H. P. Briggs.*—A clever historical picture, though in some particulars (heads, attitudes, &c.) too nearly resembling his Colonel Blood at the British Gallery.

20. The Cherry-seller. *W. Collins.*—Mr. Collins has four pictures, and all worthy of his rich and harmonious pencil. One of them, with Children's Portraits, is exceedingly pleasing.

21. A Mouse. *Miss Sharples.*—A humorous painting, and well-told story.

28. Portrait of Lord Surrey. *G. Hayter,* who has also Lady Ann Coke and Child, and other whole-lengths of very considerable merit.

34. Abbeville, &c. *G. Jones, R.A. elect.*—A delightful view of the ancient French town, with its gray Cathedral in the background, and a lively scene of a Juggler and people in the foreground.

38. Lord Stowell. *Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.*—We think the President this season almost surpasses himself. This is a speaking likeness. Another, of Sir W. Curtis, is equally striking, and more superb in colouring. Mrs. Halford is a beautiful female head; and there are two Children (No. 99) painted with every grace and high quality which can belong to Art. The Duchess of Gloucester, and the Earl of Fitzwilliam, are charming whole-lengths.

49. General Phipps. *J. Jackson, R.A.*—A fine resemblance, and, like most of Mr. Jackson's other portraits, doing honour to his skill. Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, painted for the Literary Fund, is one of the best.

56. Lord Acheson, &c. *T. Phillips, R.A.*—A charming youth in a page's garb. Mr. Phillips is fortunate in all he exhibits this season.

64. Sir G. Cockburn. *Sir W. Beechey, R.A.*—Sir W. Beechey more than sustains his reputation. Not only is this a good picture; but 88, a Lady, 124, Mr. Lowndes, and others, are executed in his very best manner.

83. Sir A. Carlisle. *M. A. Shee, R.A.*—A forcible and well-painted likeness. In other instances, Mr. Shee is equally successful.

95. Sancho Panza in the apartment of the Duchess. *C. R. Leslie, A.*—Charmingly treated. The Duenna is a model—the posi-

tion and slight smile of the Duchess, finely contrasted with the greater exuberance of attitude and merriment in her attendants, and the broad laugh of the Moor. The accessories done with great care.

107. Portrait of a Lady in Florentine Costume. *H. Howard, R.A.*—A pleasing and beautiful head. We are sorry, however, not to see any thing but portraits from the poetical genius of Mr. Howard.

108. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene. *R. Westall, R.A.*—A sacred subject, on a large scale, and possessed of many excellencies.

110, 115, Smugglers, and a Cottage Toilette. *D. Wilkie, R.A.*—Delicious little bits of character and colour. Even without one of his more laboured performances, we have in these all the great Master. A Study for Commodore Truncheon (445,) in the Antique Academy below, is capital.

113. The Widow. *W. Mulready, R.A.* and a chef-d'œuvre. In colour it is brilliant and harmonious, in characteristic traits replete with talent, and in the telling of the story delightful. The display of his personal attractions by the wooer; the first yielding of the widow; the stiffness of the ancient servant, the cajolery of the younger children, and the grief of the eldest daughter, cannot be surpassed. We dislike the look out at window.

126. Oriental Love-letter. *H. W. Pickersgill, A.* Another delicious performance, and of a more elevated class. It is poetry painted. A sweet subject, and sufficient to give any artist fame. Mr. Pickersgill has also several of the best portraits in the Exhibition.

127. Colonel Sir J. Leicester, at the head of the Cheshire Yeomanry. *J. Ward, R.A.*—A most spirited and admirable picture. The worthy Baronet deserved the highest effort the arts could make for their distinguished patron, and, in this, Mr. Ward has done his part towards discharging the grateful debt. The likeness is correct, the style good, the horse (we need hardly say) a superb animal. Mr. W. has others equally fine.

139. A Maharrata View. *W. Westall, A.*—Peculiar, and cleverly painted.

159. Othello, &c. *Fradelle.*—A well conceived dramatic scene.

160. Rochester, from the Bridge. *A. W. Callcott, R.A.*—A clear, transparent, and exquisite view. Free from some of the artist's recent effects of colour, and if not so forcible as we have seen from his pencil, nevertheless one of his finest productions.

161. Amorette (Fairy Queen.) *H. Fuseli, R.A.*—Vigour, fancy, and genius, are all combined in this, also one of Mr. Fuseli's best works.

THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING is sadly overcharged with daubs; but we observed in it, 192. a Modern Picture Gallery, *W. F. Witherington*, both curious and clever; 197. M. de Pourceaugnac, *G. S. Newton*, rather fluttery, but extremely amusing; Pandora, *Ely*, in his usual style; 242. Fortune Telling, *E. D. Leahy*, exceedingly honourable to his rising talent; 251. Stage Coach Travellers, *Rippin-gill*, full of character, and better painted than any of his preceding works; and 285. Queen Mary in Lochleven Castle, &c. *W. Allan*, a capital, though unequal picture.

In the Anti-room, the things which most attracted our eye, (not already alluded to) were, Passy, by the Rev. *R. H. Lancaster*, and View of Edinburgh, by *Nasmyth*.

The Library is spoilt by the mixture of oils and drawings; but the room amended by closing the middle door.

Among the Sculpture, Flaxman, Westmacott, Chantrey, and Kendrick, have subjects of great beauty, also Busts; and to their names in this branch we must add those of Bailey, Turnerelli, Behnes, Sievier, &c.

Upon the whole, the Exhibition is worthy of the British School, especially in colouring.

#### WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION.

OF this exquisite Gallery we spoke in our last Number in those terms of cordial praise which its particular and general beauties more than merited. Every favourable impression which its first view made, has been amply confirmed by every subsequent visit; and we can with perfect truth recommend it to notice as an Exhibition of peculiar excellence in a style of art altogether British.

It gives us pleasure, on renewing our comments, to begin with an act of justice, and thus rectify a few omissions which resulted from the hurry of our first inspection.

No. 110 is a Scene near Oxford, by *W. Turner*, himself an ornament to that seat of learning. This is an unusual scene, and treated in an unusual manner. Long level lines, a flat surface, and a low tone of colouring, are forced by the skill of the artist to become not only sweet, but picturesque. It is quite a triumph of art.

173. Altar of the Holy Sacrament, &c. *St. James', Antwerp.* Mr. Wild's name was another which could only have been overlooked in a very hasty glance at these Rooms. This piece is an architectural and pictorial gem. The deep receding arches; the distance, made more interesting by the sepulchre of Rabens; the propriety and harmony of colour; the feeling, and every quality of art which can be imparted to a work of its class, render it a charming subject.

187. The romantic beauties of Stirling Castle, by *H. Gattineau*, affords us (as would also No. 102) another opportunity of rendering the tribute due to a meritorious and successful effort.

233. Bess and her Spinning Wheel. *J. Cristall.* The peasants of this artist are almost always of a superior order; and the tournure of Burns' contented Scotch lass is lovely enough to pass her for a fair Grecian Helen. The accessories are all painted in Mr. Cristall's well-known style, to which they do credit.

62. A Gamekeeper, by *W. Hunt*, induces us to add his name to the list of those whom we had neglected. It is a very meritorious production.

We shall in our next return to the works of those able Artists whom we had only time to mention incidentally.

WE hear from a Correspondent at Rome, that our countryman Mr. J. P. Davis's grand picture of the Talbot Family receiving the Pope's Benediction, containing portraits of several distinguished public characters, (among others, the late Pope, Cardinal Gonsalvi, and Canova,) in all sixteen figures, as large as life, is now exhibiting with great eclat before the Roman public. The picture is 15 feet high and 12 feet wide, and derives much additional interest from its possessing the last likenesses for which the late Pope, the Cardinal, and Canova, sat.

\* We also missed the portraits of *T. Stewardson* which have generally adorned these walls. While Turner's absence is accounted for by Royal employment, and Wilkie's by some equally welcome cause, we were sorry to hear this artist's non-appearance attributed to a long and severe illness, now happily so far abated as to afford fair hope of his speedily resuming his pallet.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

Farewell! for I have schooled my heart  
At last to say farewell to thee!  
Now I can bear to look on death,—  
Its bitterness is past for me.

There was a time I should have wept  
To look upon my altered brow—  
The lip, whence red and smile are fled—  
But I am glad to see them now!

The faded brow, the pallid lip,  
Proclaim what soon my fate will be;  
And welcome is their tale of death,  
For I have said farewell to thee!

When first we met, I saw thee all  
A girl's imagining could feign;  
I did not dream of loving thee,  
Still less of being loved again.

I felt it not, till round my heart  
Link after link the chain was wove;  
Then burst at once upon my brain  
The maddening thought—I love! I love!

We then were parting, others wept,  
But I let not one teardrop fall;  
And when each kind Farewell was said,  
Mine was the coldest of them all.

But mine the ear that strained to hear  
Thy latest step; and mine the eye  
That watched thy distant shape, when none  
But me its shadow could desery.

And when the circle in its mirth  
Had quite forgot Farewell and Thee,  
I went to my own room, and wept  
The tears I would not let thee see.

And time passed on; but not with time  
Did thoughts of thee and thine depart;  
The lesson of forgetfulness  
Was what I could not teach my heart.

We met again, and woman's pride  
Nerved me to what I had to bear;  
I would not, tho' my heart had broke,  
Have let thee find thine image there.

I felt thine eyes gazing on mine;  
I felt my hand within thine hold;  
I heard my name breathed by thy voice,  
And I was calm, and I was cold.

And then I heard you had a bride—  
I know not how, I know not when—  
For, still my brain swims round to think  
On all, that I suffered then!

I knew the day, the very hour,  
That you were wed, and heard your vow;  
I heard the wedding bells—oh, God!  
Mine ear rings with them even now!

I may not say that you were false,  
I never had one vow from thee;  
But I have often seen thine eye  
Look as it loved to look on me.

And when you spoke to me, your voice  
Would always take a softer tone;  
And surely that last night your cheek  
Was almost pallid as my own.

But this is worse than rain Farewell!  
Of Heaven now I only crave  
For thee all of life's happiness,  
And for myself an early grave! L. E. L.

## AN EPICIDIUM.

In Memory of a very promising young Man,  
(Mr. William Hermann, of Tolnes, Devon-  
shire,) who died of the Yellow-Fever at La  
Guayra, August 9, 1823. aged 24 & 31

"By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,—  
By foreign hands his nasy limbs composed,—  
By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,  
By strangers heaved—and by strangers mourned." Pope.

He left his home with a bounding heart,—  
For the world was all before him;  
And felt it scarce a pain to part,  
Such sun-bright beams came o'er him.

He turned him to visions of future years,—  
The rainbow's hues were round them;  
And a father's bodings—a mother's tears—  
Might not weigh with the hopes that crowned [them.]

That mother's cheek is far paler now  
Than when she last caressed him;  
There's an added gloom on that father's brow  
Since the hour when last he blessed him.  
Oh! that all human hopes should prove  
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow;  
And the cankering fears of anxious love  
Ever end in truth—and sorrow!

He left his home, with a swelling sail,  
Of fame and fortune dreaming,—  
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,  
Or the pennon above him streaming.  
He hath reached his goal—by a distant wave,  
Neath a sultry sun they've laid him;  
And stranger-forms bent o'er his grave;  
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land,  
With friends and kindred near him,—  
Not have withered thus on a foreign strand,  
With no thought, save of heaven, to cheer him.  
But what reck's it now?—is his sleep less sound  
In the port where the wild winds swept him,  
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,  
Or the hearts he loved had wept him?

Then why repine?—Can he feel the rays  
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him?  
Or share the grief that must cloud the days  
Of the friends who now deplore him?  
No:—his bark's at anchor,—its sails are furled—  
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding,—  
And, safe from the buffetting waves of the world,  
In the haven of Peace is riding! A. A. W.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Traditions of  
The Western Highlands.

No. IX.

## LACHLAN MORE.

LACHLAN MORE MACLEAN, of Duart, was one of the most remarkable men connected with the Highlands of Scotland in his days. His father having died early, King James the Fifth took a considerable interest in this young man, and he was educated at his expense. Lachlan's grandfather had been at the fatal battle of Flodden with a large body of his clan, and he was killed in the immediate defence of his unfortunate Prince.

The son and successor of James the Fourth was not unmindful of this, and he was desirous of forming a matrimonial connexion between the young chief and the heiress of Athole. Preliminaries having been settled among the parties, the bridegroom was suddenly called to his own country, and on his way he visited the Earl of Glencairn, at his castle on the banks of the Clyde. Cards were introduced in the evening, and Maclean's partner was one of the Earl's daughters. In the course of the night the game happened to be changed, and the company again cut for partners; on which another of the daughters whispered in her sister's ear, that if the Highland chief had been her partner, she would not have hazarded the loss of him by cutting a new. The chief heard the remark, and was so pleased with the compliment, and so fascinated with the charms of Lady Margaret Cunningham, that a match was made up between them, and they were speedily married. Maclean thus gave great offence to the King, and lost the richest heiress at that time in Scotland.

Lachlan More's sister was married to Angus Macdonald, of Hay and Kintyre; then the most powerful of the branches which sprang from the Lord of the Isles. These two chiefs appear to have been much of the same disposition,—both were violent, ambitious, and turbulent. Their bloody feuds were productive of much misery to their people, and ended injuriously to all parties. Macdonald, on his return from the isle of Skye, was forced to take shelter in that portion of the island of Jura which was the property of Maclean; and it unfortunately happened that two villains of the clan Macdonald, whose bad conduct had induced them to take refuge in Mull to escape punishment from their own chief, happened to be then in Jura. It would seem that they delighted in mischief; and they adopted an expedient which effectually answered their purpose. Maclean had some cattle close to the place where the Macdonalds lay; the two renegades slaughtered some of these, and carried away many more of them. They left Jura before day-light, and contrived to convey information to Lachlan More that Macdonald had done him all this damage. Duart collected a considerable number of his men; and arrived in Jura before the Macdonalds departed. Without making proper inquiry into the circumstances, he rashly attacked the other party, and many of them were slain, but their Chief escaped. It appears to be admitted on all hands that this was the beginning of the sanguinary warfare which followed; and Maclean was certainly culpable. Mutual friends interfered, and endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between persons so nearly connected. The Earl of Argyll was maternal uncle to Lachlan, and chiefly by his powerful intercession the further effusion of blood was prevented for a time.

Macdonald had occasion to be again in Skye, and on his return he was invited by Maclean to visit him at the castle of Duart. After dinner, some unfortunate circumstance occurred which produced a quarrel. Tradition varies in regard to what immediately followed. It seems, however, that Maclean demanded that the other should yield to him possession of the whole island of Ilay, of which he then held but the half. Some consideration was to have been given in return for this concession; but Maclean chose to detain as hostages, to ensure the fulfilment of the treaty, the eldest son of Macdonald, then a boy, and also a brother, together with several other persons of some consideration. Maclean soon after set out for Ilay to take possession of that island. His nephew accompanied him; but the other hostages were left in Mull until the whole business should be arranged. What ensued was no more than might have been expected: Macdonald pretended to be disposed for an amicable adjustment of the terms formerly agreed upon, and prevailed on Lachlan More to visit him at his house in Ilay, where nothing appeared to create alarm.

After supper, Maclean and his people retired to a barn for rest; but Macdonald soon knocked at the door, and said he had forgot to give his guests their reposing draught, and desired to be admitted for that purpose. A large force had by this time been collected, and Lachlan soon understood that he would be made to suffer for his former conduct. He was determined, however, to make a resolute defence. He stood in the door fully armed, and in his left hand he held his nephew, who lay with him. He was a man of extraordinary size and strength, as the appellation *More*



indicates, and his situation required all his prowess. Macdonald, desirous to save the life of his son, agreed to permit Lachlan to quit the barn, which had by this time been set on fire. The greater part of his attendants also followed their chief; but the two Macdonalds, who had first fomented this unhappy quarrel, were consumed in the flames.

Macdonald, of Ilay, having now recovered possession of his son, was determined to put Maclean and all his people to death; but fortunately for them he had a fall from his horse, by which one of his legs was fractured. This retarded the execution of his fell purpose, and enabled the Earl of Argyll to make a representation of the case to the government. Maclean was permitted to return to Mull, but seven of the principal gentlemen of his clan, who had accompanied him to Ilay, were retained as hostages for the safety of those who still remained in the same condition at Duart.

Very soon after Maclean's departure from Ilay, Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan, commonly distinguished by the patronimic of Mac-vic-Ian, (the son of John's son,) arrived there, and falsely informed Macdonald that Lachlan More had destroyed all his hostages on his return home. This was retaliated on Maclean's hostages, who were all put to death, and the next day the other hostages arrived safely from Mull.

This is a specimen of the deplorable state of barbarism into which Scotland sunk during the minority of James the Sixth. The whole kingdom was full of blood and rapine, but the Highlands were in the worst condition of all. For a century afterwards very little amelioration seems to have taken place; but it is pleasing to reflect that for the last fifty years there is not in Europe a country where the law bears more absolute sway than in the Scottish Highlands.

Macdonald and Maclean were both committed to ward, one in the Bass, and the other in the Castle of Edinburgh, where they were detained for several years. They were liberated on strong assurances of peaceable conduct, and on giving hostages. Maclean was afterwards ordered to join the Earl of Argyll, who took the command of the army appointed to oppose the Earls of Huntly and Errol, then in open rebellion against the government of James the Sixth.

The two armies encountered at Glenlivet, and the rebels were victorious. Argyll, though brave, was young and inexperienced, nor were all his officers faithful to their trust. Innes, in his History of Moray, asserts that some of the principal men of his own name were in correspondence with the enemy; and other writers ascribe much effect to the cannon used by the rebel Earls. On this occasion Lachlan More was greatly distinguished for bravery and for prudence, having acted the part of an experienced commander, and gained the applause of both armies.

It were well if he had always confined his warfare to such honourable combats. Soon after we find him again engaged in Ilay against his nephew, James Macdonald, Angus, his former antagonist being dead. On this occasion it would seem, however, that he was disposed for peace. Lachlan had embraced the Protestant religion; and it was a practice with his Catholic ancestors to walk thrice in procession around the shores of a small island lying in Lochspelve, invoking success to the expedition on which they were about to be engaged. With singular absurdity, Lachlan resolved

to show his contempt for Catholic superstition: he walked thrice around the island, but his ancestors had always walked right about, or in the same course with the sun; but this enlightening Protestant reversed it. The day following he departed with his forces for Ilay, and he never returned. The weather became boisterous, and he was compelled to bear away for Island Nave, in the mouth of Loch Gruinard. A day was appointed for a conference between himself and his nephew; and Lachlan attended by a small portion of his men, was to be met by Macdonald with an equal number. Macdonald had, however, placed a large body in ambush at some distance. The conference commenced under favourable appearances, but a misunderstanding soon arose, and swords were drawn. A dreadful conflict ensued, and Maclean fought with astonishing bravery. The reserve which had lain concealed joined their friends; but both were on the eve of being defeated, when a body of auxiliaries from the island of Arran arrived, and Lachlan More was killed, with all those who had accompanied him on this fatal expedition.

His son had remained on the island with a much larger force, but the pacific appearances deceived him, and he neglected to keep the boats afloat. When the fight commenced on shore, he and his men were looking on, but could not launch their heavy boats, or render assistance. The Macdonalds suffered severe loss, and James (afterwards Sir James) was left for dead on the field.

A poor woman of his own clan, assisted by her son, conveyed Lachlan's body on a sledge to the church of Kilchomien, in Ilay, where she got him buried. By the jolting of the sledge, the features of the dead body acquired a particular expression, at which the young man smiled. His name was Macdonald, and his mother was so enraged at his sneer, that she made a thrust at him with a dirk, and wounded him severely.

Lachlan More's son renewed this horrid feud, and in his turn defeated Sir James. The king at length deprived Macdonald of his large possessions, which at this day rent at 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* Kentyre was given to the Earl of Argyll, in the hands of whose illustrious descendants it still remains. Maclean was very deservedly deprived of his share of the island of Ilay, and the whole of it was granted to John Campbell, of Calder, ancestor of the present Lord Cawdor. Almost all the great Highland estates fell, by forfeiture, into the hands of the crown at some time; and with the view of keeping the proprietors in check, the kings preserved the rights in their own hands, giving the representatives of the different families short leases of the lands. We have in our possession copies of several hundreds of these leases, among others, those which Macdonald and Maclean had of their estates.

Lachlan More was killed in the year 1598.

#### SIGHTS OF LONDON, &c.

##### NO. VIII.

At the Grecian Gallery in the Haymarket is exhibiting a large picture, called improperly "The Sacrifice of the Virgins," being a representation of the doom of the Athenian Youths and Maidens to the Minotaur, painted by Chevalier Van Bree, historical and portrait painter to the King of Holland. It is a work of unequal conception, character, and execution; but, nevertheless, one of high merit

in many respects, and an honour to the present Dutch School. The subject is a fine one. At the moment when the names of the victims are drawn from the urn, Theseus, determined to deliver his country from this horrid yoke or to die, devotes himself to the exploit. But Mr. Van Bree has, unfortunately (I think) made this a subordinate action, and given the chief place to Egeus exhibiting the last name on the scroll, and to its effect upon some of those on whom the lot has fallen. One girl is pallid and swooning on the steps of the altar, another is somewhat recovered from the agony of grief, and a third is exulting that she has escaped. This last is an unworthy feeling in the midst of the general distress, including loved companions, parents, and a despairing people. But there is also an apathy over the picture, except where the strongest passions are represented, not in unison with the scene. Even Theseus seems passive; neither his attitude nor expression tell the story. Some of the single figures are, however, very fine, and the entire disposition of them exceedingly skilful. Parts of the architecture are replete with character, and the whole good, only that I fancy the temple is a prodigious anachronism for the age of Minos. The colouring, more especially of the flesh, is rich and transparent: it reminded me of Guido, and even of Correggio. Altogether, the picture is very carefully painted—not too carefully—and may serve as a model for some of our native slovens. This picture was painted for Josephine, then Empress of France. She had no Theseus to deliver her when condemned to be sacrificed;—she fell, and the work remained on the hands of the painter.

Our great friend, the Swiss Giantess, still continues to see genteel company, though we confess we disapprove of the mode of her invitations. We do not care for the female vanity of styling herself "The Beautiful Swiss," but chalking the same upon the walls and by- corners is, at least, if perfectly agreeable to etiquette, an innovation, and not yet adopted by "the fashionable world."

Our little friend, Miss Crachami, is so beset with visitors, in consequence of our report, that it seems to have turned her little brain. Only think of a jilt and coquette of five pounds avaropoula! This is literally the case, and the ingrate absolutely broke an engagement with us last Sunday. We would revenge ourselves, but as Swift says—

Who would be satirical  
Upon a thing so very small?

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

AFTER much procrastination, highly injurious to the success of any place of public amusement, Madame Pasta made her first appearance here "these seven years" on Saturday, in Rossini's Opera of *Otello*. It is not worth while now to inquire into that taste which loves to hear Otello rave in crochets, and Desdemona plain in quavers; suffice it to say, that it is a fashionable and received delight; and one had better be out of the world than out of the fashion. Accordingly as much of the world as Lent, with its Parliamentary holidays, leaves in Town, was at the Opera upon this occasion. The star of the evening was cordially received, and did much to prove that the honour was not unmerited. We do not think, however, that her talents are of the highest order; nor that she is likely (beyond the novelty of a few nights) to make

us forget Catalani, or Camporese, or Fodor. Nay, we are not sure that Caradori did not very lately yield us greater pleasure, or that we would willingly exchange the pretty Ronzi di Begnis for the latter favourite.

Pasta has been most industrious in cultivating her faculties since we heard her last; and much science, skill in the management of her voice, and other beauties, are the natural consequences. She is therefore felt as a charming songstress, and, must command applause wherever she exerts herself. But her organ is not fine; it has neither extraordinary compass nor extraordinary sweetness. Still she delights, and delights by feeling and expression, in which her forte lies.

On Tuesday the House was again crowded, and a clever new dancer, M. Ferdinand, made his debut in the Ballet.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

MISS PATON, who appears to be visited with more misfortunes than any other lady in the theatrical world, was prevented making her re-appearance on Tuesday, in consequence of "some accident she had met with upon the road." This may be all very well, and we dare say that it was all very true; but at the same time we think that a little more respect might be shown to a London audience, (whose stamp alone confers value upon members of this profession,) than, for the sake of a few pounds which may be picked up at a country Theatre the night before, to run the risk of being too late the following evening to entertain those who should certainly be considered as entitled to the first and best claim to attention.

Mr. Smart's Readings.—We were much gratified, on Thursday evening, in attending Mr. Smart's Readings, who, from the success he met with in the early part of the season, is repeating the same series. Detached parts of *Henry IV.* were this evening recited. He seems to have studied his author carefully and successfully, and delineated the character of Falstaff with great humour, particularly the scene with the Prince after the robbery at Gadshill. He likewise represented the other characters with great fidelity; and although it is very difficult to change the tone and manner so rapidly as is necessary, yet he seldom failed to give an accurate idea of the person supposed to be speaking. He was very happy in Hotspur's first speech, or apology, for not having sent his prisoners in obedience to the King's orders. In his air and manner he puts us a good deal in mind of our old friend Holman. He concluded with the Seven Ages, from *As You Like It*, which he gave in a very pleasing and forcible manner. We think Mr. Smart well deserving of public patronage, for affording the Town so rational an evening's amusement.

#### POLITICS.

THE blockade of Algiers continues to be the news; and there is nothing else, except the postponement of the Drawing-Room, to the great regret of the Fashionables.

#### VARIETIES.

The death of R. Payne Knight, Esq. is announced in the newspapers of yesterday.

Mr. C. Kemble has been performing Falstaff with great éclat at Edinburgh; and is to appear in that part, in *Henry IV.*, next week at Covent Garden.

**Mountain of Virgin Iron.**—In the district of Washington in Missouri, an enormous mountain of iron has been discovered: it consists almost entirely of virgin iron. The metal is of good quality, and there is enough (it is said) to supply the whole world for a long period. This is the first mine of virgin iron that has been discovered; and not only was no such mine ever found before, but iron in the state of metal was not before known to exist in nature.

**Bon Mot.**—A lady being asked what was the difference between a coquette and a woman of gallantry, answered, "The same that there is between a sharper and a thief."

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The next publication of the great Scottish Novelist is founded, we hear, on the adventures of certain adherents of the Pretender, about fifteen years after the Rebellion.

Among the forthcoming works from Edinburgh, announced in Blackwood's Magazine, are, *The Devil's Elixir*; the *Life and Writings of Dr. Brown*; *Traditions of Edinburgh*; *Rentfrewshire Scenery and Characters*, a Poem, (burlesque, we suspect,) in 365 Cantos; and *Translations from the German of Moh's Mineralogy and Goethe's Egmont*.

*The Bride of Florence*, a Play in five Acts, illustrative of the Manners of the Middle Ages, with Historical Notes and Minor Poems, by Randolph Pitt-Eustace, is preparing for publication.

The fourth edition of the *Duke of Mantua*, a Tragedy, has already nearly followed the fortunes of its three predecessors.

*The Three Brothers*, or *The Travels and Adventures of the Three Sherleys*, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c. printed from original MSS. with Additions and Illustrations from very rare contemporaneous Works, and Portraits of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Lady Sherley, is in the press, in 1 vol. 8vo. As is also *Directions for Studying the Laws of England*, by Roger North, youngest Brother to Lord Keeper Guilford. Now first printed from the original MS. in the Hargrave Collection; with Notes and Illustrations by a Lawyer. In a small 8vo. volume.

A Chronological History of the West Indies is about to be published by Captain Southey, an officer whose local knowledge and other qualifications must render such a work at this crisis particularly interesting. The value of the publication too will be enhanced by the Author's brother, the Poet Laureate, writing an introduction to the history of each century.—*Durham Adv.*

*Journal des Savans pour March*.—1. Sir R. K. Porter's *Travels in Georgia*; reviewed by M. Silvestre de Sacy. —2. M. de St. Surin, *Œuvres de Boileau*; by M. Raynouard. —3. M. E. Chevreul, *Recherches Chimiques sur les corps gras d'origine animale*; by M. A. Remy. —4. Delort, *Essai critique sur l'histoire de Charles VII.*; d'Agnes Sorelle, et de Jeanne d'Arc; by M. Daunou. —5. Sauvages, *Dictionnaire Langueoien-Français*; by M. Raynouard. —April: 1. S. Lee's Edition of Sir Wm. Jones's *Persian Grammar*; M. Silvestre de Sacy. —2. Moreau de Jonnés, *Antilles Françaises*; by M. Tessier. —3. Duplessis Mornay, *Mémoires*, &c.; by M. Daunou. —4. Camponen, *Vie et de Ducis*; by M. Raynouard. —5. Biot, *Astronomie Egyptienne*; by M. Letronne. —6. Note concernant une Inscription Grecque tracée sur une Caisse de Momie Egyptienne; by M. Raoul-Rochette.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our valued friend, and shall be most happy to insert the papers on the state of Literature and Fine Arts of the Northern Provinces.

Cannot give the information requested concerning the Letter of Scipio. It purported to be from Rome, and may be a modern discovery.

We believe *Clio* will find a letter, so addressed, at our office.—*Qc.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 22	from 48 to 62	29.79 to 29.66
Friday..... 23	44 — 51	29.51 — 29.16
Saturday..... 24	44 — 58	29.66 — 30.02
Sunday..... 25	37 — 62	30.07 — 30.08
Monday..... 26	47 — 63	29.69 — 29.47
Tuesday..... 27	41 — 60	29.60 — 29.94
Wednesday..... 28	51 — 58	29.85 — 29.78

Wind SW. and NE.; prevailing SW. and S. Generally fair weather; mild showers at times. On the 24th and 25th saw two swallows, these being the first, which is considered late.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.**—The Second General ANNUAL MEETING of the Royal Society of Literature will take place on Wednesday, May 5th, at the Council-Room of the Society, 61, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Chair to be taken at Twelve o'clock.

RICHARD CATERMOLLE, Secretary.

**THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS** is now open, at their Gallery, 5, Pall-Mall East.—Catalogue 6d. COXLEY FIELDING, Secretary.

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By Lady MORGAN,  
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the commencement of the Work in January 1861.

in this respect might have escaped his own detection.

